

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1872

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## LUTHER IN CAPTIVITY.

IT is pleasant to observe the loving zeal displayed by some of the most eminent modern writers of Germany, in delving for the minutest incidents in the public and private life of her great and illustrious dead, thus bringing to light, by their indomitable perseverance and thoroughness of research, many interesting facts of history which otherwise would have been lost under the accumulating debris of passing centuries, or but faintly and imperfectly perpetuated through successive generations by means of oral tradition and legendary romance. The earnest student of history never grows weary in contemplating the lives and characters of men whose genius has left imperishable impressions upon the age in which they lived, and with a pleased interest will search for the slightest clews which, by aggregation, may finally enable him to form a just and clear conception of the character under consideration. In this respect none of the names that shine in the annals of Germany has met with more attention than the one in the caption of this article; none is more thoroughly embalmed in the affections of a great people. Luther lives, not only on the lips, but in the hearts of his countrymen; the affectionate homage of the poorest peasant guards the memory of his illustrious brother with the most jealous care, while the rich and noble are proud of his world-wide fame, and render willing tribute to one who was the master-spirit of his age.

Although the mortal dust of the good man has rested for three hundred years under the shadow of the altar of the *Schlosskirche*, at Wittenberg, every authentic detail of his daily life, of his sufferings and triumphs while battling in the cause of Christ, must prove both

interesting and instructive. The writer of this article is indebted to Dr. Pollack, of Thuringia, for many facts concerning the waylaying of Luther on his return from Worms, gathered by that industrious *savan* from old church records and other sources, and which have never before been published.

Luther's immortal words in the Imperial Diet at Worms, when commanded by the Emperor, Charles V, to recant his "heretical doctrines," "Unless overpowered by evidence of Holy Writ, or by open, clear, and convincing proofs, I can not and will not retract, because it is neither safe nor commendable to violate conscience. On this I stand. I can not do otherwise. God help me! Amen," created a profound and lasting impression on the minds of all present. His enemies especially waxed hot with wrath, as this bold confession convinced even the most skeptical that all attempts to overawe the great Reformer, or to induce him to renounce his doctrine publicly, were futile. Such stubbornness in a heretic was not to be borne; it was essential to the perpetuation of Papal supremacy that Luther be silenced, crushed; his return to Wittenberg was to be prevented by all means. The Emperor had pledged Luther protection for twenty days against bodily harm, and granted him an imperial safeguard or escort during his journey to and from Worms. His crafty enemies endeavored to annul the order by declaring to the Emperor that "a pledge made to a heretic was not binding." To which his Imperial Majesty, however, with rare consistency, replied, "Though in the whole world there should be neither faith nor truth, yet must they be in a German Emperor."

Luther's friends, aware of the designs of his foes, endeavored to thwart them without delay, and to remove him from danger; but the courage,

as well as the power to effect this desirable end, lay alone in the strong hand and willing heart of Luther's illustrious friend, Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony. Cautious, however, as well as daring, this Prince was too shrewd to place himself in the dilemma of having personal knowledge of Luther's intended asylum, in case the Emperor should demand of him information concerning Luther's whereabouts. He therefore consulted his private secretary and court preacher, Spalatin, made known his plans and wishes to him, and allowed the latter to make every necessary arrangement to insure a successful termination to the friendly plot. Spalatin selected the Wartburg as the most available place of concealment for Luther, but left the details of the daring plan in the hands of a brave and loyal knight, Ritter Hans Von Berlepsh, the governor of that fortress, and a man thoroughly at home in adventures of that kind, common enough in an age when every lonely wayfarer was in danger of being attacked on the highway by mail-clad marauders, armed with lance and cross-bow—the "Raub Ritters" of the Middle Ages.

It is not known who Spalatin's secret messenger to the governor of the Wartburg was. Spalatin himself was detained at Worms by important business, and Luther had only been informed in vague and mysterious terms that his friends were taking steps to place him out of the reach of his enemies, but he had no idea in what manner his rescue was to be accomplished.

Spalatin's plan was to allow Luther to visit his relatives in Moehra, and to secure his person while making this detour in his journey. Doubtless Von Berlepsh had approved of this plan, as it may have been deemed inadvisable to abduct Luther directly from Eisenach. Yet the circuitous route by way of Moehra was not without danger, should fanatics take advantage of the opportunity to ambush Luther and his party as the imperial herald accompanied him, and the road lay through the territory of the stanch Roman Catholic Earls, William and Henry von Henneberg, before the domains of the Saxon Baron, Burkhard Hund Von Wenkheim, of Altenstein, could be reached. Spalatin having already made arrangements at Worms for the removal of the imperial safeguard at the proper moment, so that the Governor of the Wartburg might take his place, it became necessary for the latter to acquaint Burkhard Hund Von Altenstein of the proposed plan, and make him a partner in the secret of the intended abduction. This nobleman, however, was easily won over as an ally in the cause, the elector

having greatly befriended him, and endowed his family with valuable estates. Hans Hund Von Wenkheim, at Lauringen, in Bavaria, Burkhard's eldest brother, had entered the service of Frederick the Wise, and accompanied the Prince on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1493, losing the greater portion of his fortune in consequence. As a reward for his faithful services the Elector gave him the castle and barony of Altenstein, in fief.

The spot finally selected for the contemplated ambushade was situated in a narrow ravine, between the lofty sides of heavily wooded hills, and on that part of the highway from Franconia to Thuringia which curves abruptly around the ruins of a chapel called Glisbach, and very near to the point where the high-road intersects the road to Moehra.

In the forenoon of April 16, 1521, Luther left Worms in company with his former traveling companions. At Oppenheim the herald of the Emperor, Caspar Sturm, overtook the party, conducting Luther as far as Friedberg, in the Wetterau, by way of Frankfurt on the Main. It being now necessary that the travelers should be relieved of the presence of the argus-eyed herald of Charles V, he was sent back to Worms, with letters to the Emperor and Spalatin, on the arrival of the party at Friedberg. The herald's place was taken by a young knight, in the suite of Philip, the Landgrave of Hessa, an enthusiastic adherent of the new faith, and a great friend of Luther's. Without the least anxiety, and in perfect trust, as became the man who had stood unawed and calmly in the presence of Pope and Emperor, Luther resigned himself to the tender care of protectors. While resting at Frankfurt he wrote to Lukas Cranach, the celebrated painter, then residing at Wittenberg, as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN LUCAS,—I bless thee and commend thee to the care of God. I shall allow them to place me in confinement and protect, although I myself know neither where nor when. I would have preferred to suffer death, and yet, for the present, I must not scorn the counsel of good friends. I must even suffer and be silent for a time. Yet do I trust ye shall see me again ere long."

Luther had not yet been publicly proclaimed an outlaw, but the fame of his heroic defense and manly bearing before the Diet at Worms had, like a winged messenger, already preceded him. His homeward journey appeared to be a triumphal procession. Those who had looked upon him as the doomed victim of priestly hate hailed his return with acclamation, and even many who, by a public demonstration

of their approval, placed themselves in imminent personal danger, could not forbear their applause. A striking illustration of this occurred on Luther's arrival at Harsfeld. A long procession, composed of the neighboring nobility, the municipal council of the town, and a large number of the citizens, and headed by the abbot, went out to meet him. At the abbey, where the news of Luther's coming had been received from Gruenberg, a magnificent repast awaited him, and in spite of the Emperor's decree prohibiting him from preaching anywhere, Luther found himself compelled to do so at the urgent solicitation of the abbot. On Luther's departure from Harsfeld the abbot accompanied him some distance beyond the limits of the city, besides ordering his chancellor at Berka, on the Werra, to prepare a sumptuous feast for his eminent guest on his arrival at that place. When nearing Eisenach a similar cavalcade, consisting of prominent citizens of the town, met and escorted Luther inside of the walls. During the night of the day set apart by Luther as a day of rest in his "dear town"—as he calls Eisenach in his letters—a serious disturbance occurred at Erfurt, in which the students of the University and other admirers of Luther were involved. The cause of the trouble was the outrageous conduct of the Dean of the Severi Monastery, who, with great violence, thrust a tutor of the University, Dr. John Drach, from the steps of the altar during divine services, because of his known friendship and admiration of Luther and his doctrines.

Thus, in various ways, public opinion expressed itself concerning this remarkable man. He preached in Eisenach on the following day, May 2d, to a large concourse, and bade farewell to his traveling companions, who, with the exception of Professor Nicolas, D. D., of Amsdorf, left him at this point to pursue their journey to Wittenberg, via Gotha. Luther intended to visit his relatives at Moehra, near Salzungen. At Moehra lived Heinz Luther, his paternal uncle, a simple and industrious farmer, at whose house the great Reformer resided during his visit. Here he met his venerated grandmother, as well as his brother, Jacob Luther, a rough and honest miner from Mansfeld, who had also come on a visit to the family. On the following day, May 4th, Luther preached under a huge linden-tree in the market-place of the village, and on his departure, immediately thereafter, he was escorted out of the village by a large number of the people. Luther was accompanied by his brother Jacob, as the latter desired to return home by way of Waltershausen. It is also stated that Myconius, the well-known

pastor at Gotha, was in Luther's company. The vehicle used by Luther in his journey was a plain, old-fashioned country wagon, which had been furnished him by the town council of Wittenberg for his trip to Worms, and a relative had supplied a span of fresh horses. Thus they sped on through the little village of Waldfish, nearing the considerable village of Schweina between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. Reaching the lofty mountain of Altenstein, Luther begged his relatives from Moehra to return; and as the difficulties of the ascent compelled them to travel very slowly, it was quite late in the day when the narrow and dangerous pass under the chapel of Glisbach was reached. This was the point selected for the denouement of the plot, whose details had been most rigidly kept from the knowledge even of Luther himself. A horseman, clad in heavy armor, with visor down, suddenly galloped out of a dense pine wood that skirted the highway close by; he was followed by a small troop of horse, riding at a headlong charge toward the conveyance that held Luther and his friends, it being evident that the arrival of the wagon opposite this spot was the signal for attack. Whether the leader of the assaulting party was Berlepsh, or Burkhard Hund, is not known; the rest of the troop consisted of men at arms, whose faces were completely hidden from view by the closed visors of their helms. Brother Jacob, seeing the riders approaching, hastily leaped from the wagon and escaped. One of the riders, leaping from his charger, grasped the reins, and gruffly inquired of the driver of the vehicle the names of his passengers, at the same time striking him upon the breast with his cross-bow, and causing him to fall under the horses; two others, apparently of knightly rank, pressed close against the sides of the wagon, and demanded to know which of its inmates was Martin Luther; and when the latter arose in answer to the question, a cross-bow was held to his breast, with the order for instantaneous surrender. Amsdorf and Myconius, Luther's companions, begged for mercy, but Luther whispered into Amsdorf's ear, "Confide, amici nostri sunt"—be of good cheer, they are our friends. Luther is helped out of the wagon; his priestly garments are exchanged for a "gepner"—horseman's cloak—and he is taken into the adjacent woods, where a horse, kept in readiness, awaits him. While Jacob, to whose nimble feet terror added wings, was flying in the direction of Waltershausen to carry the sad news of his brother's fate to his friends, Amsdorf and Myconius quietly drove on to town by way of Schmerbach and Laugenheim. Luther had been carried into the depths

of the forest by the riders, where a man, with his arms securely tied upon his back, was placed upon a led horse, thus giving the troop the appearance of having arrested some fugitive from justice, and effectually hiding the true object of the party.

The shortest way to the Wartburg would have been in the direction of Ruhla or Etterwinden, but as it was not yet dark it became necessary to take a very circuitous route in order to escape arousing the suspicion of some chance forester or traveler; so the troop hastened on in the direction of the Inselsberg, turning aside to Brotterode and the so-called Reiterstieg; and thus, through dense forests and over precipitous mountains, the troop reached the Wartburg unmolested about one hour before midnight. The rough ride of ten or twelve miles had greatly exhausted Luther, who had been suffering from ill health since his arrival at Worms; but his captors, with great show of violence and much noise, ordered him to alight, and proceeded to confine him at once in a dark and secluded apartment of the fortress, so that the gate-keepers imagined that some notorious criminal had been arrested upon the highway, and was being securely confined. Myconius, writing of the fortunate termination of the affair, says:

"No similar occurrence hath ever before been kept under such strict seal of secrecy; many persons, and even members of the Diet, believed it to be a veritable captivity, so little of the true state of affairs had become known."

In the mean time news of Luther's arrest and abduction had reached Moehra, and Luther's uncle immediately informed the Canonius of Eisenach, George Koenig, of the fact, adding that the party of horsemen making the attack had disappeared in the direction of Brotterode. The detailed account of the capture was probably related by one of the men-at-arms engaged in the affair, and lived from mouth to mouth among the neighboring villagers, until, about a century later, Pastor Hattenbach incorporated the entire narrative in the parish chronicles of Schweinan, substantially as we have given it in this article.

It was the uncanny hour of midnight, on Saturday, when the doughty monk found himself alone in his dreary prison apartment in the Wartburg, and after the strange scenes in which he had just taken such a prominent part, his feelings must have been a curious mixture of wonder and awe, as his mind was not entirely free of the superstitions of the age in which he lived; he attributed many of the common occurrences of life to supernatural agencies, and

sought, by diligent prayer, to avoid the harassment of ghostly visitants, and the attacks of satanic emissaries.

When the bells of the castle chapel, on the following morning, proclaimed the holy Sabbath day, Luther, with looks of painful resignation, saw the chaplain of the fortress enter the sacred portals of the church, but he dared not to follow him, as he presumed that dignitary to be a blind agent of the corrupt spiritual power of Rome, and believing that the uncontrollable impulses of his own heart might lead to the immediate detection of his person, as he states himself in a letter to Spalatin.

Luther's preaching in the Wartburg, at a later period, was not at all public, as some writers have erroneously stated. He preached on the Sabbath, and during the holidays, to the governor of the castle and a few initiated friends, a fact distinctly stated by a contemporary and scholar of Luther's, Mathesius.

The social relations between Luther and his host, the Governor of the Wartburg, were of the most agreeable description, in spite of the great disparity in rank of the two men. Luther, by reason of his tireless literary activity, and his lectures at the University, could have had a satisfactory income, but his utter disregard for the accumulation of money, and his profuse liberality to the poor, kept him in such a state of poverty, that he—at this time thirty-eight years of age—in a letter to Schenerlin, frankly confesses, "As yet I know of no one poorer than myself."

What a contrast was he, in a worldly sense, to his host, a man rich in ancestry, in honors and estates, the highest officer in rank in a great and populous district; puissant governor of Eisenach and Quedlinburg; Lord of Seebach and Castle Heldrungen, etc. The grand dignitaries of that age were generally haughty and proud to the last degree, but the Governor's pride of ancestral rank and dignity of station, by an irresistible impulse bowed before the glorious spirit of the remarkable man before him, whose "eagle eye," as Erasmus, of Rotterdam, called it, met his glance of inherited pride unflinchingly; whose charming voice won every heart with its melody, and whose clear judgment and piercing wit gave an indescribable relish to conversation.

Luther accepted the lavish hospitality of his host, which was so marked as to excite even the attention of the steward, with his accustomed moderation, fearful of becoming a burden to the family. In his personal appearance at this time, a decided contrast is apparent when compared to the Luther of a later period,



and as we behold him in the famous painting by Lukas Cranach, when he had become fleshy and comfortably stout. When Luther held his celebrated colloquium with Doctor Eck, at Leipzig, in 1519, his naturally medium-sized person appeared so extremely lean, by reason of severe studies, that, in the words of a contemporary, "one could almost count every bone in his body;" nor had the succeeding two years of intense care and labor in any way served to mitigate this physical defect.

The governor, in the presence of the other residents of the Wartburg, addressed Luther as "Esquire Goerg," and ordered two pages to be in constant attendance upon him. In addition to these and the governor's immediate family, the personnel of the Wartburg consisted of two mounted soldiers; the clerk of the court; the chaplain, who, in accordance with the custom of the age, acted as deputy clerk of court; a cook; a butler or steward; a gate-keeper; two watchmen; the driver of a donkey, whose duty it was to bring vegetables and milk to the fortress; and, finally, the school-master of Frauenberg, who officiated as vicar at one of the altars of the court chapel.

The so-called "Esquire," in order to render his disguise as complete as possible, allowed his hair and beard to grow to a great length, and usually wore a red skull-cap, a tabard; donning at times a trooper's saber, and in inclement weather a horseman's cloak, or "gepner," as it was then called, was made to do effectual service. In this way his disguise soon became almost impenetrable; so much so, indeed, that he wrote to Spalatin, defying his best friends to recognize him, and adding sportively, "As I, even, am unable to recognize myself."

Luther's sudden disappearance caused general astonishment among his followers, as well as among the Papists; the latter even calling to their aid the services of magicians and soothsayers, having fruitlessly exhausted every other means of search. The rumor obtained in Eisenach that Luther's friends in Franconia had taken care of him; another rumor implicated the Earls of Henneberg in the abduction and imprisonment of Luther; a charge violently resented by the irate earls. Gerbell, of Augsburg, in great anxiety, wrote a letter to Luther from Worms, in the care of Spalatin, begging him to give some clew to his fate, as so many painfully conflicting rumors had gained currency. Amsdorf and Spalatin alone knew the place of his concealment; the former by means of a letter which the governor of the Wartburg, in the most cautious manner, allowed Luther to

forward several weeks after his immurement; other letters, to various friends, were carefully destroyed by the governor, who was afraid to hazard the safety of his charge by allowing them to be forwarded at this time.

In order that his letters might not betray the place of his concealment, Luther invariably mentions the Wartburg metaphorically; he loved to call it his "Patmos," the island to which John, the Evangelist, was banished, and so frequently terms it in his epistles to his revered friend Melancthon. Owing to the natural liveliness of his temperament he became but very slowly accustomed to the monotonous solitude of his abode, and in addition to this restraint he was vexed by the impression that he was a source of pecuniary expense to the governor, until assured by the latter that all expenditures were defrayed by the Elector, out of his private purse.

A proper division of his time was the source of no little trouble to Luther, as he employed every hour of the day in a great variety of ways. At first he devoted himself to answering a multitude of letters from friends and others; also to the refutation of vast numbers of controversial pamphlets published by his enemies, and in writing merciless and scathing attacks against the abuses of the Roman Church. His gigantic mind labored restlessly for the truth of his doctrine, because the newly inaugurated work was being attacked upon all sides by vigorous and unscrupulous opponents, but still, through every thing that emanated from his keen and facile pen, the soft light of a pure and noble spirit shines brightly.

In 1520 the warlike Francis von Sickingen had offered to Luther the shelter of his strong Castle of Ebernburg, on the Rhine; but the flattering invitation had been gratefully declined. In order to show his gratitude to that enlightened nobleman, Luther dedicated to him one of the first works of his pen while an inmate of the Wartburg; it is called "The Book of Confession," and in it he severely handles the system of auricular confession and compulsory sacraments. A short time before this, he had already completed his interpretation of the sixty-eighth Psalm, and transmitted the version to Melancthon, for it had always been his great desire to write a commentary on the Psalms, and translate them out of the old prophetic language in which they were composed.

In spite of all the precautions taken, Luther's place of concealment was at last discovered by his vigilant enemies, and when the governor communicated the disagreeable fact to him, Luther at once declared himself willing to seek

some other asylum, at the same time informing Spalatin of this intention. Finally he decided upon a ruse, by which to baffle the designs of his persecutors—he indited a letter to Spalatin, dated from some imaginary place, and allowed it to fall into the hands of his enemies as if by accident; the remedy proved to be successful, and though still being hunted every-where, he remained undisturbed within the protecting walls of the Wartburg.

But the irksome confinement, his loneliness and the superabundance of good fare, to which he had never been accustomed, began to prey on Luther's restless spirits. Through the mental haze occasioned by his ill humor, and which strangely clouded his usually clear perceptions, he imagined that he could see Satan in person, as the hideous disturber of his peace, and upon one occasion, as the well-known legend relates, he attempted to rid himself of the presence of his fiery tormentor, by hurling a huge inkhorn at his sable majesty's head.

Luther acquainted his intimate counselor, Spalatin, of his failing health, stating that he intended to seek medical assistance in Erfurt, but his friend advised him to forego the journey, on account of the danger of discovery; and as, besides the pestilence suddenly appeared in that city, the purposed trip was never undertaken, Berlepsh advised Luther to strengthen his system by daily exercise in the open air, on horseback, and invited him to accompany him in his hunting excursions; but following the chase was an employment that seemed to have few charms for him, and referring to this in one of his letters to Spalatin he says: "It is a sour pleasure for noble lords, and a delightful occupation for idle folks."

In his excursions on horseback, Luther was accompanied by a faithful attendant, who, upon one occasion, saved Luther from imminent danger of capture, by retreating in hot haste with his companion from the monastery of Reinhardsbrunn, where the latter had been recognized by one of the monks while reading in the library of the order. On the 21st of November he dedicated to his father his excellent pamphlet "On the Evil Tendencies of Monastic Vows." But his heart was filled with an uncontrollable yearning for his dear Wittenberg, and unable to restrain his desires longer, he secretly visited that place toward the close of November, remaining there for several days at the house of Amsdorf, engaged in consultation with his friends. On his return to the Wartburg he began his great work of translating the Bible; but perceiving the great difficulties of the task, he confined himself, at first, to the trans-

lation of the New Testament, stating in a letter to Amsdorf, written in January, 1522, that he could not attempt the Old Testament without its assistance.

Luther's translation of the Bible created a profound sensation in the public mind, as is apparent in the words of a contemporary, Erasmus Alber: "Doctor Martinus is a veritable German Cicero; he hath not only shown us what true religion is, but hath also reformed the German language. There is no writer on earth that can rival him."

Our astonishment, moreover, increases when we remember that he translated the New Testament in the space of scarcely two months, although frequently interrupted in his work, and appealed to as mediator, on account of the public disturbances caused by the indiscreet and iconoclastic proceedings of Carlstadt, who attempted to enforce upon the Roman Church the simplicity and purity anciently observed in Divine worship, by mob violence and direct force of arms. Impelled by the course of these events, Luther finally resolved to leave the Wartburg, in order to terminate, by his personal interference, the disgraceful scenes enacted at Wittenberg.

In spite of the Elector's urgent protest, Luther, disguised in his knightly costume, left the Wartburg on the 3d day of March, 1522, and arrived safely in Wittenberg. His translation of the Old Testament followed soon after, and in the year 1534 the great work upon which he had so faithfully labored, while immured within the gloomy walls of the storied Wartburg, was finished, and the first complete German Bible was given to the world.

#### A TRIP TO CHEOPS.

**M**OREMOST among the many golden memories which I have retained of a journey through the Orient, are those pertaining to a trip to the Pyramids, and the ascent of those wonderful monuments of a by-gone civilization. It was to me the accomplishment of a boyish dream, for, from my early childhood, I had longed to behold the only one of the Seven Wonders of the world which has been spared to us by the ravages of time and the devastations of man; and, contrary to the general rule, the realization of this day-dream was perfectly satisfactory, fully compensating me for all the longings and speculations which I had expended upon it. It is the custom for youthful fancy to build for itself magnificent castles in the air; the imagination being supple and

expansive, weaves for itself a continual round of pleasures and delights, and every thought connected with the future is fraught with happiness and glory; no idea seems too extravagant for fulfillment, and I believe that frequently the attainment of man to glory and fame may be ascribed to that period when every thing came within the range of the possible, and that frequently the success of genius, and the accomplishment of mighty deeds, may date their germination to the seemingly wild fancies and ambitions of youthful days. Europe and the future had ever been to me in some way connected, and I felt assured that one day I would be permitted to journey through it; but Cairo and the Nile had seemed so far distant that I seldom permitted my thoughts to wander thither, and it was therefore with a feeling of keen delight that I found myself able to more than realize my most sanguine anticipations, and for that reason, I presume, every thing connected with the East has remained most indelibly impressed upon my mind.

Cairo is a city full of strange sights, containing much of the marvelous and beautiful to command the attention and study of strangers, independent of the ruins of past ages which surround it; but environed as it is by places of such historic interest as Heliopolis, Memphis, and the Pyramids, it occupies a subordinate position, being the means of rendering all these points accessible; and it is only when one's back is turned upon the city that he finds that modern Cairo is intimately identified with his remembrances of Egyptian grandeur. I seldom think of the Pyramids without associating with them the square of the Esbikayah, which, with its banyan-tree and tropical foliage, adorns the center of the Frank quarter; for during my sojourn in the city I occupied a room, the windows of which, looking out upon this green oasis, commanded a view extending over the white tops of the houses, far beyond the Nile, to where the sharp apexes of the Pyramids were outlined against the silvery sky. Night after night have I watched these old monuments of a by-gone race, and with no clamorous guides, no importunate Arabs to detract from the enjoyment, have, I believe, been more fully impressed with their majesty and power than I was when they were lighted by the rays of a scorching sun, and when Bedouins, intent upon plundering us of every piaster, surrounded our party.

Our visit to the Pyramids had been deferred until the last days of our stoppage in Cairo, and from the fact of their having been constantly in view, our desire for a nearer acquaint-

ance had become very keen, and it was therefore with much pleasure that we finally embarked upon the trip. The morning was a lovely one, the air being mellow and fresh, and the sun not yet high enough to dispel the attributes of the early day. As we clattered through the dusty and still quiet streets, we felt a sense of freedom and independence which had been foreign to us since our arrival in the land of the Khedive, and every one prognosticated a day of great pleasure, various being the surmises as to whether or not our feelings on the return would be those of satisfaction or the contrary.

Shortly after leaving the hotel we entered the open country, passing through clumps of palm-trees, and along a highway lined with the dome-shaped tombs of beys and persons of distinction; in a few moments we exchanged this road for the narrow streets of old Cairo, which is a distinct and an almost deserted city. Among the objects of interest here is the Mosque of Amar, an old building long since fallen to decay, whose quadrangle of broken arches and ruined fountain present a most picturesque sight. At one end of the mosque is a high pulpit of cedar-wood, and here the devout have suspended a few colored ostrich eggs to ornament the arches, and at this spot they still prostrate themselves toward Mecca. Two columns were shown to us which our dragoman said were a test of true belief, for none but good Mussulmans could pass between them, as on the advent of an infidel they were accommodately closed together, thus demonstrating the efficacy of the Mohammedan faith, and serving as a warning to all others to depart from the error of their ways. Having become accustomed to miracle-working figures and relics, I made the trial and succeeded in passing through this Charybdis of the Oriental faith. Upon being apprised of this fact our dragoman merely shrugged his shoulders, probably considering me too poor a subject for the columns to work upon.

At this point we crossed the Nile, being poled over on a flat-boat upon which our donkeys were driven, much to the detriment of their slender limbs. These animals, which perform the duties of cabs for Cairo, are peculiar to that city, and are swift of foot and docile in disposition. I have seldom had more enjoyable rides than those taken upon their backs, seated upon the little red cushions which supply the place of saddles, with my feet frequently trailing upon the ground. The animal which invariably fell to my lot was named "Yankee Doodle," although, had I been an Englishman, his cognomen would undoubtedly have been "Victoria" or "Johnny Bull," as he answered

equally well to all of these names. I used him so frequently that I fancied he knew me, and became quite attached to him, so much so that Mohammed, my donkey boy, who, on account of a blind eye, never anticipated my wishes, proposed that I should purchase him for a liberal sum and ship him to America. These donkey boys are perfect characters in their way, and are often productive of much amusement. Our landing at Gijet, on the opposite side of the river, was the signal for a general battle, the donkey boys of that mud village being in open feud with their neighbors of the capital, and for a few moments we were left to take care of ourselves while the action was in progress. Our boys gained the victory, and it was very amusing to see them return, brandishing their sticks in the air and quivering with rage. One little fellow, who seemed to be the favorite of the others, had lost his tarboosh in the *mêlée*, and with the single tuft of hair called the angel lock falling over his bald head, presented a most ludicrous appearance. After order was once more restored by our handsome dragoman, Hâssan, we proceeded onward, followed by the Gijhites, who accompanied us through the town, uttering threats and taunts, but not forgetting to maintain a respectful distance.

Having passed the village we came upon a long embankment greatly resembling the bed of a railroad, which, extending in a straight line before us, reached almost to the Pyramids. On either side of this artificial plain lay fields which, now that the inundation was over, were green with rice, wheat, and sugar-cane. At first the position was a novel one, and we enjoyed the ride, but as the sun was hot, and the way long, we hailed with much delight the termination of the road, which halted abruptly at a sluggish stream, beyond which, and seemingly within stone's-throw, are the objects of our expedition. Here we were met by the advance guard of the Bedouins, consisting of some half dozen stout young fellows, who, with old-fashioned blunderbusses *unloaded*, came to escort us to the end of our journey, and to carry us over the stream. The ford was crossed upon the strong backs of these young Arabs, who, apparently unconscious of our weight, sprang lightly from stone to stone, and ferried us safely across, while our animals swam over some distance below. Upon investigation we found that the Pyramids, which seemed immediately before us, were in reality over a mile away; so clear and pure is this desert air that objects small in size are seen with much distinctness, and the rarity of the atmosphere causes great deception regarding distance. From the ford to Cheops

our path lay over fields of sand unrelieved by a single spire of grass, which reflected the light in a dazzling manner, and through its loose character, being drifted into miniature waves, retarded our progress.

I can not undertake to give a scientific account of the Pyramids, detailing their exact size, the manner in which they were reared; nor can I enter into learned speculations as to the date of their erection, nor the purpose which called for so great an undertaking; this belongs to the province of the archæologist and the antiquarian, and as the wise savants of the earth have failed to deduce any thing tangible from them, if possible weaving a more inexplicable web of uncertainty around them, I must confess my inability to improve upon their work. The impression which the Pyramids produced upon me was one of awe and almost of fear, and never, save amid the ruins of once magnificent Baalbec, have I so fully realized the might and power contained in puny man, enabling him to rear works which, for endurance and strength, seem almost divine in their origin. Before us was Cheops, rising tier above tier, lifting itself proudly in the air as a mountain of hewn stone, till its blunt top attained the height of four hundred and eighty feet above the plain below, being several feet higher than the tallest pinnacle on Strasburg Cathedral.

As soon as we had dismounted we were taken in charge of by the sheik, whose encampment of striped tents stood a short distance away, and by him were each provided with four men, whose duty it was to assist us in making the ascent, and with two stout fellows in front and the remainder behind we began the toilsome journey. At first so much assistance seemed superfluous, for although the steps were about three feet high, I found but little difficulty in advancing; but before half the distance was accomplished I was thoroughly fatigued and further progress seemed impossible, rendering it necessary for the Bedouins to drag me from stone to stone. My head man, whose name was Ibrahim, could speak a little English, and during the entire ascent spoke of nothing save *backshish* and the heat of the weather; as we neared the top he began to chant the praises of the American nation and of myself in particular, reminding me that I was very rich and very generous, and that he was nothing but a poor Arab who depended upon the kindness of strangers for his sustenance. As I paid no attention to his importunities he waxed fierce and threatened to dash me to pieces on the rocks below, demonstrating that as none of my party were in sight, we having become sepa-



rated, I stood but slight chance of succor. I would have been somewhat alarmed by this threat, but friends had narrated to me the performance of their guides, saying that not the least danger was to be apprehended, as these men were in the employ of the Viceroy, and would lose their chances of peaceful black-mail if any indignity was offered to strangers. All this time we were going up, seeming never to approach the top, yet evidently making progress, as Hassan and the beasts below were rapidly assuming diminutive shapes, when suddenly a sharp angle in the rocks and a long step brought us upon the level space which now forms the top of Cheops; and here upon the blunt apex of this oldest of the Old World monuments we sat down to enjoy the scene around us and to wonder about its history.

A short distance from us were two other Pyramids almost as large as Cheops; the nearer of the two had once been covered with slabs, but through the depredations of the Arabs all that now remains of its former glory is a cap of stone, which probably being too high to be wrenched off, was left to attest to its former grandeur; beyond these were three smaller ones, which were also followed by three others, making nine in all. About half a mile distant, rearing itself above the billows of yellow sand that encompassed us, was the great head of the Sphinx, remaining to us also as an attestation of the knowledge and skill of the ancient rulers of Egypt. Far away, and seeming to hang on the horizon, were the triple Pyramids of Sak-kara, and still further removed were those of Dashoor, marking the site of Memphis; to the eastward a long ribbon of green indicated the course of the Nile, and opposite us, with its hundreds of minarets flashing in the sunlight, rose the queenly city of Cairo. Our accommodating guides, still bent upon *backshish*, pointed out the spot where took place the Battle of the Pyramids, relating how the mighty Napoleon had viewed the engagement from Cheops, then descending to less warlike themes they told how Jenny Lind had charmed them all by her singing, and then offered for a compensation to carve our names in the lasting stone by the side of that of the great songstress. Having spent an hour on the top of Cheops meditating upon the past and reviewing the many changes which had taken place in the world's history since these mighty mountains were reared, and having moralized—as do all tourists—upon the useless vanity of the men who had built these lofty mausoleums to perpetuate their memory, which is now forgotten till the very names of the founders are lost in oblivion, we commenced

our descent, which we found was both easy and speedy, as we could spring from shelf to shelf without injury or fatigue. Before leaving Cairo I had provided myself with piasters—pieces of copper valued at four cents—to scatter among the beggars along the route; when I started from the hotel they were wrapped in paper, but the swinging motion of the descent loosened them and they rattled in my pocket, and the jingling sound was no sooner heard by Ibrahim than he exclaimed, "Melicain got piasters; we no want piasters, but shillings," and seemed greatly affected by the parsimonious spirit that prompted me to carry coin of such small value.

After taking a rest of a few moments we continued our explorations by climbing upward again for several feet, when we reached the mouth of the entrance, a narrow aperture about three feet square, over which was a single block of granite with, I believe, an inscription cut into it, which has been placed there by some archæologists. Our way from the entrance led down an inclined plane of polished stone so slippery that it was almost impossible to retain the footing, and as we advanced with our bodies bent almost double, supported on either side by Arabs bearing lighted candles, the journey downward was any thing save that of pleasure. Sliding along in this manner for some eighty feet we came to a more recent excavation, the sides of which were formed of jagged stones, some of them being of great size; this was the work of some Caliph who, influenced by cupidity and desiring to find the treasures which were believed to have been walled up within the Pyramid at the time of its erection, had forced a passage through the walls of stone endeavoring to find the inner chamber; the real passage which had been cunningly closed by the builders was only discovered by accident, for while working upon the new passage the masons, in the course of their excavations, came upon the original one, which led to its being once more opened to the daylight.

Up the rough face of the wall which obstructed our way we were lifted by our guides, and now had to ascend a gallery similar to the one through which we had just passed; we now proceeded onward till, by the light of our tallow dips, a passage leading into the chambers was discovered; into this we plunged and soon found ourselves in a small room, the walls of which were blackened by the torches of former tourists, and the air of which was heated and suffocating. There the Arabs saw fit to exercise their powers, and uniting in a body demanded *backshish* if we ever expected to see the light of day again; but resolved not to be

in the slightest degree intimidated by their importunities, we retraced our steps to the gallery and soon had them by our sides ready to pilot us forward.

Continuing for a few yards upon this inclined plane we reached the central and largest chamber, which modern savants have called the Queen's Chamber. This room, which is of large dimensions, being thirty-four feet long by seventeen feet wide, is quite imposing from its size, and probably from its emptiness appears to be much more spacious than it really is. Nothing was in it save a large stone sarcophagus, which, contrary to the rule usually practiced with antiquities, has been allowed to remain where it was discovered; somewhat to its detriment, it must be confessed, as the vandalism of souvenir-hunting people has greatly impaired its beauty. Who was the occupant of this tomb is merely left to conjecture, as no hieroglyphics, not even a mark, was found upon it to identify the dust with the great of past ages. The walls of this apartment are of polished granite, some of the stones being fifteen feet long, and they are all joined together with the greatest precision and care, so that the whole chamber seems as though hewn from the living rock.

I have seldom experienced keener feelings of relief than I felt when we once more emerged into the daylight, and were surrounded by the free, open air of heaven, for the closeness of the interior had been so intense that we were almost unfit for action; and although satisfied with the result of our explorations, we realized that it had been dearly earned at the expense of much strength and perseverance.

About half a mile from Cheops, and with the greater portion of its body buried in the shifting sand, rises the Sphinx, which, if possible, impressed me more forcibly than did the mighty mountains of masonry whose shadows were already lengthening over the plain. It was not so much on account of its vast size that I admired this monster head—that being all which is now visible—but because it was a work of art, requiring the master mind of an artist to devise it, and also because he has succeeded most admirably in his task, throwing life and beauty in the face, which, despite its large features, is far from harsh; if it remains as a type of beauty co-existent with its erection, the Egyptian females of the present day have degenerated most materially from those who occupied their places centuries ago. The head measures one hundred and two feet in circumference, and the nose, through the ravages of decay or the vandalism of war, has disappeared;

but there is something fascinating in the expression of the Sphinx; whichever way you turn the stony eyes seem to follow you with steadfast gaze, and looking at it you can scarcely but believe that the secrets of the ages are wrapped up in it. Various were our emotions and feelings as we stood before this god of some forgotten race; and if our homeward journey was quiet and reflective, it was because our thoughts were busy with memories and speculations as to the history of the past, and somehow go as far back into the dim roll of the centuries as we would, we would still see peering out of the gloom the strange and attractive face of the Sphinx.

#### MRS. KENYON'S NEIGHBORS.

"A LOVELY day, Lizzie," said Mr. Kenyon, pausing on the piazza, and looking back at his wife who stood in the doorway.

"Very beautiful," she answered, her eyes wandering down their sunny, sloping little lawn to the pleasant village street with its clustering houses, and then away to the gleaming river, and the grand old hills beyond—showing dim and softened outlines through the blue haze of the Indian Summer. "Very lovely," but there was a wistful look in the gentle eyes unappeased by all the beauty, and the faintest breath of a sigh followed the words.

"It is a pleasant day to be out; the air is so pure and clear," pursued Mr. Kenyon, drawing on his gloves.

"Yes; you will enjoy your walk to the depot this morning."

That was not exactly what Mr. Kenyon meant. He paused to pluck two or three dead leaves from a vine turning around the pillar near him, and said, more hesitatingly than any thing in the words would seem to call for,

"You had better go out too, Lizzie dear, won't you? I'm sure it would do you good."

The smile that flitted over the pale, sweet face was a very pensive one.

"There are some flower roots in the garden that ought to be looked after, I suppose, so may be I shall be there a little while, but you know I don't care to go out in any other way, Phil; it would really be more of a burden than a pleasure."

The garden would avail for sunshine and air, but it was something more than that from the outside world that Mr. Kenyon wanted for his wife. He turned away with a little shadow of pain and disappointment dimming the brightness of the morning for him.

Very quiet was that pleasant house on the hill-side. Even Mrs. Kenyon, accustomed as she was to it, felt its peculiar hush as she re-entered it after watching her husband out of sight. She wandered down to the bright, neat kitchen for a few minutes' talk with old Hannah about household matters, then up to the rooms above again, where she was all alone. She filled some vases with the late Fall flowers, replaced a book here and there, and re-arranged some engravings, but the daily "putting to rights" was, at best, a mere pretense where there had been no one to remove or disturb, but herself and her order-loving husband. It was scarcely enough to busy her hands; it did not occupy her thoughts. She seated herself in her low sewing-chair by the window, but the work she took up was not really needed. It did not matter whether it were completed then, next week, or next month, and the lack of all pressing demand robbed it of all interest. There had been a time when the basket was constantly filled with work that called for swift doing. Little dresses and aprons always needing to be altered or replenished, piled it with bright colors, where only sober black and white lay now. Mrs. Kenyon's hands dropped idly in her lap, as thought went traveling backward, and presently the sewing was put aside altogether, and a book taken up in its place. A healthful, charming book it was, full of bright pictures of cheerful home-life, with the wise, odd, merry sayings of little children rippling through it. But the reader soon turned away from it.

"Too fair and bright for me—too much like a once sweet reality. I can not bear it," she murmured. "O, if Daisy had not died!"

It was more than a year now since that little footfall died out of the home, and still the mother missed, day by day—what mother would not?—the gleam of the sunny head, the gleeful, childlike laugh, the glance of the sweet eyes. She did not murmur; she tried to be patient. She went about her house as usual, seldom speaking of her sorrow to any one after the first few weeks, but she lived in it nevertheless, shrinking from all new interests as if their very thought were sacrilege, resisting every encroachment from the busy outside life that, well for us all, must still flow on who ever mourns or rejoices. She shrank from the society of friends and acquaintances, with the exception of a few near relatives. To be alone with Daisy's memory was dearer company, and all she asked.

"I do n't feel like talking to people, Phil, or interested in the things they would want to talk about," she answered, when her husband wished

to draw her from the loneliness and seclusion of the life she was living. "I like to be quiet, and I really do n't care to go out and see others, or have them come here. I do n't feel the need of company."

Nevertheless she did need it, he was sure, and all the more because she did not want it. It was not so much a question of inclination as of duty, he thought—whether one human heart had the right to turn wholly away from its fellows; whether, if she did not need others, others might not be needing her. He, too, felt the sorrow, and pain, and loss, but it seemed to him that, because a great joy had gone out of their home, they had no right to close their doors to the world, with all its human sympathies, interests, and busy work, and shut themselves in to this secluded, shadowy, unreal life—as unlike what it should be as the fair, pale moonlight is different from the cheerful, healthful sunshine.

If he had said all this to Lizzie—but he did not. It was not easy for him to put his deepest thoughts and feelings into words, or answer that gentle smile with any thing that sounded like the faintest breath of blame. And kind-hearted old Hannah only murmured her comment when the doors had closed between herself and her mistress.

"Feels 's if she could n't take no comfort in nobody, an' did n't want to see 'em—poor lamb! But 't an't de bes' way, for all, 'cause dis yer battle o' life 's a good deal like other battles, an' when our friends falls dead it 's the great Captain hisself dat orders, 'Close up de ranks.' If we're gwine to march on an' do any decent fightin' wid de inemy, we got to jus' stay in de ranks, shoulder to shoulder 'long wid other folks, an' not go stragglin' off alone."

From her pleasant window Mrs. Kenyon could look down upon the pretty, busy little village. When Mr. Kenyon's business first brought them to Verdale, she had rejoiced in its stillness and country quiet; but a year since the railroad shops and offices had been removed from a not far distant city to that place, and quite a village had necessarily sprung up around them. A goodly number of families—some very pleasant ones apparently—it had brought there. Mrs. Kenyon liked to watch their various members passing and repassing in the streets—the busy fathers, the mothers and their children; she liked to see the home lights gleam out from the windows at evening. But when her husband proposed her cultivating any nearer acquaintance, she felt no inclination to do so, and was only secretly glad that her own longer residence there had left the matter at her option.

"Even Philip, dear as Daisy was to him, can not quite understand how a bereaved mother feels," she said to herself, thinking of his parting request with a faint, mournful smile, as she waited in the gray twilight of that Autumn evening for his return.

Perhaps she judged correctly. Certain it was that an expression of unequivocal satisfaction flitted over his face, at the contents of a letter he had brought her, and which she read with evident dismay.

"O, Phil, Mary is going to send her children—all three of them—to stay with us for several days."

"Ah! how happens that?" he asked, almost remorseful for his involuntary start of pleasure, as he noticed how entirely different a feeling her tone betrayed.

"O, they had given up their place in the country, and made all their arrangements to go back to town, and then learned, almost at the last minute, that their house there was not quite ready for them. Mary thinks she must go on to see about it, and so sends the children here. She says," said Lizzie, half laughing, "that if she can stand their noise and chattering all the time, she guesses I will be able to endure it for a week."

"Logical," smiled Mr. Kenyon.

"O, dear!" said Lizzie, then she added, apologetically, "I do love the children, but the prospect of all three at once is rather overwhelming. Besides, they have been in the country all Summer, running nearly wild, for Mary has not been well enough to look after them much until lately, and I suspect they are as she says, as noisy and full of spirits as it is possible for three children to be."

"Well, I suppose Mary did not know what else to do with them under the circumstances, and it will be a decided relief to her to have them here while she is getting settled."

"Yes, and I would do a great deal to help sister Mary." And a "great deal" this seemed to Mrs. Kenyon—more than her sister ever dreamed.

Rosy, excited and jubilant in the prospect of a visit at "Aunt Lizzie's," the two arrived the next day, totally unconscious that their presence could be considered any thing but an unmitigated blessing. They pulled off small gloves, hats, and wrappings with breathless haste, inquiring, before the task was half accomplished, where they were to sleep, and what Hannah was going to get for dinner; informed Aunt Lizzie how many dresses, aprons, etc., they had brought with them, and that the boots they had on were not their "prettiest, Sunday-est, but-

toned ones;" and then, before she could untie the last scarf, an unfortunate kitten made its appearance, and the two small maidens and small gentleman flew off in hot pursuit. She looked after them dismayed, but laughing. Full of care and disquiet as the prospective week appeared to her, there was, after all, something infectious in their abounding life and glee, and she began to look forward not quite so disconsolately.

The shadow and sorrow that older guests would have understood and sympathized with, these little ones could by no means comprehend. The great, still house was to them only a splendid place to play, and when Aunt Lizzie was not busy, but sat with hands idly dropped upon her lap, of course she had nothing better to do than to play with them; and so their numerous demands were made in perfect innocence and confidence, and because she could not explain, she yielded all the more helplessly. There seemed nothing else for her to do.

It sounded strange to hear the cheery, ringing voices from hall and stairway, the restless feet rustling merrily through the dry leaves in the yard, and wee, sly fingers trying the piano. And yet when, half a dozen times a day, some one of the soft cheeks was pressed to hers in a rapturous "hug," and rosy lips upturned confidently, "We have the best kind of times, don't we, Aunt Lizzie? An't you glad we came?"—how could she wholly dislike it?

"But dey do carry on 's if dey was cl'ar possessed," old Hannah remarked one morning, when a shower had forced them to abandon garden and lawn for indoor pursuits, and they had accordingly ranged the chairs in a row for a railway train, drafted the pillows from the beds to furnish inmates for "a norfan 'sylum," and borrowed the clothes line for reins by which to guide a spirited rocking-chair, while a large clothes-basket served for a chariot. At last even these expedients failed, and they all resorted to Aunt Lizzie's room, because, as Georgie pathetically remarked, they did n't know what they "better had do next."

Mrs. Kenyon had been busy overlooking and re-arranging drawers and boxes. Some dear relics there were over which her fingers lingered lovingly, and from these she wished to divert the attention of the bright eyes and eager questioning tongues. So hastily pointing out a trunk that contained only articles of her own, she said, "Do n't you want to help me? Those things are somewhat tumbled up; you might take them out and put them back in good order."

The idea of being useful was perfectly delightful, and the two little girls went to work with a



vigor that promised thorough renovation, if not destruction, while master Carl lay contentedly upon the floor and watched the proceedings.

They admired the ribbons, tried on the collars, flourished the fans, and ran their small hands into the gloves, commenting upon every thing that came under their touch. Presently a pretty pearl card-case appeared to view, and was received with intense admiration.

"O, how nice! Just see all the rainbows on it! What is it, Aunt Lizzie?"

"My card-case."

"What's in it? May I open it? O, what a lot of little white cards! What's on 'em?"

"Only my name, dear."

"What is it for? What do you do with it, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Not much of any thing lately," said Aunt Lizzie, faintly smiling. "Why, have n't you ever seen mamma's? or been with her when she used it? May be not, though. I carry it when I go out calling, and then if the people I wish to see are not at home, I slip one of these cards under the door to let them know I have been there."

"Would n't that be fun!" exclaimed Georgie delighted. "I'll do that when I get big; only I won't just have white cards. I'll have nice pictures on 'em—dogs, an' cats, an' things—the child'en'll like to look at."

"Sun's a shinin'!" interposed Carl, breaking into the plans of improvement, and pointing to the beam that was brightening over the carpet. "Now we can go out doors."

"No, not yet!" said Aunt Lizzie, foreseeing an immediate exodus.

But the rain was over, and by afternoon the restriction could be removed. "Blessin', too, 'case all indoors would n't last 'em more 'n one forenoon nohow," commented Hannah with a shake of her turbaned head.

Mrs. Kenyon smiled and seized upon the opportunity to undo the efforts of the valuable help she had received, and arrange matters more to her own liking. She did not notice the silence that soon ensued without, and forgot how time was passing, until Hannah once more appeared at the door.

"Whar you s'pose dem chil'en is now, Mrs. Kenyon? 'Case I ha' n't heard nuffin 'bout 'em dis hour, an' I done been lookin' for 'em an' dey an't nowhars 'round, fur as I kin see."

Before Mrs. Kenyon had time to join in the search, a rush of feet was heard on the portico, and the missing ones presented themselves, flushed and breathless, but wonderfully smiling and satisfied, and all eager to talk at once.

"O, Aunt Lizzie, we've had such fun—such a splendid time! O, my!"

"But where have you been? Hannah was looking for you."

"O, a callin'!" answered Miss Gracie complacently, holding up the admired card-case.

"We did just as you told us to," interrupted Georgie; "stuck these papers under the door—under most every door we come to. O, 't was such fun! We used 'em all up. You won't have to do it at all, 'cause we did it for you."

"O, children!" exclaimed the bewildered Aunt Lizzie. They had indeed "done it for her" so effectually as to cause her no little perplexity.

"Why, Phil," she said, recounting the occurrence that evening, "I do n't in the least know where they went, or to how many places. What shall I do about it?"

"I do n't see that there is any thing you can do," laughed her husband.

"They will think I have been to see them, and will return the call."

"Well, my dear, that won't be any great calamity."

"And then it will seem so rude to drop the acquaintance"—she suddenly paused expecting his "why should you?" before he uttered it. She did not answer the question, but presently went on, "Besides, if any ladies come to return my call, it will be rather awkward to tell them that I never made any."

"You need n't do that."

"If they do n't say any thing about it. But the children did n't knock, you know, and probably at most of the places they were at home, and will think it very strange that I could have come and gone without their hearing me. O, dear! I shall just have to let things take their course, I suppose; there is nothing else that I can do."

The week ended, and the children went away, but the door their busy, little fingers had thrown open could not easily be closed again. After a time the fruit of their calling expedition began to manifest itself, as, one after another, the ladies from the village began to present themselves at the house on the hill-side. Many of them were agreeable, intelligent, and warm-hearted, and after the ice was once broken, Mrs. Kenyon could not but acknowledge to herself that it was not altogether unpleasant to meet them. Fortunately most of them made no reference to her ever having been at their homes, but one day there came the very thing she had dreaded. After an unusually pleasant chat, suddenly fell the remark:

"Why, Mrs. Kenyon, I do n't know how it happened that I did not see you the afternoon you called. I certainly was at home all day,

except for a few minutes about five o'clock. Perhaps it was about that time you came?"

Lizzie hesitated, but thus questioned she could do nothing but tell the simple truth, and so she answered laughing, but somewhat confused:

"The fact is, Mrs. Moore, I was not there at all. My little nieces left the card." And she proceeded to tell the story.

The lady laughed—she could not well do otherwise; nevertheless, she felt annoyed and embarrassed at finding herself there to return a courtesy that had never been extended to her—probably never would be—for Mrs. Kenyon's seclusion and avoidance of them all had already been commented upon in the village.

"However, they only accomplished for me what I ought to have done for myself," concluded Mrs. Kenyon, anxious to remove any troubled feeling.

"But probably never intended doing," replied the lady smiling, yet slightly biting her lips. Her pride rebelled at the position in which she found herself.

Half question, half affirmation the remark was, and Lizzie could utter no denial. She hesitated, and a moment's painful silence fell. Then, as she read in her visitor's face the feeling with which she turned to depart, her eyes filled with tears, and her sudden resolution was taken.

"Mrs. Moore, do not judge me harshly, or think me altogether cold, unsocial, and selfish," she said. "Let me tell you all about it."

She told her—of the fair, pure little Daisy, and the dark shadow that had fallen over their home—forgetting, presently, that she had only meant to offer an explanation, and entering into a fuller recital, attracted by the tender, womanly sympathy of one who had likewise suffered, and knew all the bitterness of the cup. Time slipped by unnoticed in the exchange of confidences and experiences. The call had lengthened into a visit, and when the two parted it was with a warm hand-clasp, and promises of frequent meetings.

A warm friendship sprang up, and by and by something of the same feeling began to be extended to others also, as Mrs. Kenyon's circle gradually widened, and she slowly began to comprehend the meaning of the words, "No man liveth to himself." At various homes where her calls had once been made by proxy, she soon became no stranger. Mr. Kenyon marked with gratification the return to a more healthful life, and when he found her entertaining Mrs. Lee's little girl while the mother went out shopping, or missed her because she had

gone to sit for an hour with a sick neighbor, or saw her sewing for Mrs. Moore, whose hands were so full that she did not know how to get through with all her work, he murmured to himself, with a feeling of gratitude and relief,

"That is as it should be. The command to love our neighbor follows very closely the injunction to love the Lord our God; and we have no right to make even the graves of our best beloved across our heavenward path to bar our onward progress toward him, nor between other human hearts and ours, so that neither they nor we can pass over."

### AN OLD STORY.

RACHEL ORNE, wearily tramping up and down the street, and looking in the face one of life's sad problems, saw before her but one solution, one result—ruin. She was neither old nor ugly. The bowed face was young, and would have been fair and beautiful, only there was such a cloud of misery hovering over it and obscuring the natural expression.

The stream of humanity hurried past. Occasionally some reckless youth jostled her with his elbow, or pulled one of the straggling curls that were clinging to her slender shoulders. Small boys, conspicuous in dirt, rags, and knowledge of evil, called out to her with bantering words as they peered into her face. Now and then a policeman eyed her suspiciously. Still she kept up her slow, monotonous beat, apparently giving no heed to insults. But the flashing glances of her vigilant eyes startled more than one of her tormentors; and some, passing by, took note of the small, white hands clinched so fiercely over the old shawl. She had been wandering to and fro for more than an hour, under the gaslight, and under the starlight, too, though she never looked up. And now, with whispered ejaculations and low murmurs, she was confiding to herself the thoughts of her despairing heart.

"Lost! lost Rachel! Would God it were in a boundless forest instead of such a wilderness of people! The air is fresh and pure out where green trees are living their quiet lives, but every breath is tainted here. I'm worn to death with this war against want and temptation! I must get away; but there is no hiding-place for me. Yes, there is one place open to me, and I'll go there to-night! I'll go to the wharf, keen-eyed police! You can not prevent me; you will not detect me; but I'll see the world a little longer.

"How proudly you sail along, little lady! What

did you see in my wild, black eyes when you gave me such a glance of contempt? Shame? It was despair. My heart is as clean as yours, young girl, even though I am branded with disgrace. Are you leaning on your lover's arm? Perhaps he will be true, and perhaps he will not.

"I see you over there, you two tempters in flaunting colors; I see you beckon, but I will not come. I know you advise me to follow your example since I have, like you, proved the old story of deception. But go your ways. Luxury is too dear at such a price. I'm hungry and homeless, and my hopes are all dead and shrouded for burial, but I can not soil my feet by following in your steps. Yet I can sympathize with you. I know what fierce temptation comes when love fails, and after that one's good name, friends, money, work, food, and clothing. They all go, and in the end life goes. What does it matter how soon! I'll find a rest to my suffering to-night! Do you pity your child, mother in heaven? Do you know the story of my delusion? Who will comfort my white-haired father in his lonely home so far away? Who will tell him I am not quite the wretch he believes me?"

"Maurice, I am watching for you always, but you never come. Why do you not bring me the wedding-ring you promised? Where have you hidden your false face? Perhaps you will see, before to-morrow night, all that is left of the girl you enticed away from her lovely home, and so soon left in utter desolation. When you see the eyes you've praised so many times, looking blindly at you and the world; the curls you've caressed, matted and dripping with the sea; the lips you've kissed grown cold forever; and the hands you called your own purple with death—perhaps, then your hard heart will soften. Perhaps you will mourn a little over the work you have accomplished.

"But I'll forget you now, and I'll rest a moment in the shadow of this old church before I go to the wharf. I hear them singing their songs of heaven in there. How it carries me back to my old home! How it soothes this pain that is driving me to destruction!" Poor tired Rachel sat down on the cold stone steps and listened to the worshipers. There was a good, old-fashioned prayer-meeting inside. The door was ajar, and the warm light shining through rested lovingly on the wanderer's head. It seemed to offer hope and consolation to her soul groping in darkness.

"Come ye weary, heavy laden," etc.

The voices of the singers were not all tuned to harmony. There were even discords, for the

tremulous tones of the aged, and the full notes of the young were interspersed with a few wavering strains from those who could only chant the words of the hymn. But true heart worship and praise rendered the chorus sweet. It was very grateful to the hungry ears outside, just fresh from the swaggering jests and oaths of the street. Again they sang:

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Rachel closed her eyes like a weary child in its mother's arms. Was she asleep and dreaming, or was it true? The noise and confusion of the street had passed away, and in its stead she saw the plain, white houses and quiet side-walks of a country village. Right before her was the little church, hiding behind its hedge of tall maples. How glad she was to enter the open door and take her old, accustomed seat! Her young friends were there. Her father was there—the white-haired man that knelt in the altar, and broke the sacred stillness by his earnest supplications. How thankful she was for such a father! How pleasant it was to look into the kind, gentle faces of that company! Yet it lasted but a moment. She opened her eyes again, and found herself in her much-loved, happy home. Every object was familiar to her sight. The plainly furnished rooms were as cheerful and attractive as ever. The same old clock ticked on the shelf. The same geranium blossomed in the window. The face of her dear, sainted mother looked down from the wall, as it had done for years. Even the gray cat brushed her dress softly and purred its welcome.

There sat her aged father before his open Bible, reading to her its precious truths, and counseling her against the evils of the world. But the scene changed. She was standing by the garden gate in the witching twilight, and a young man was pleading with great earnestness by her side. She listened to his entreating words, his enthusiastic description of the city home awaiting her, his vows of eternal constancy, his declarations of true love. She tried to stifle conscience when she heard him whisper that old age had rendered her father suspicious, and incapable of looking out for her happiness. Still another picture presented itself. An attic chamber, small, destitute of ornament, with blackened walls, and dingy, bare floor, and in it the shadow of Rachel—heart-broken Rachel, deceived, forsaken, repeating to herself the words Maurice had spoken a few weeks previous.

"He said our marriage ceremony was a farce. Yes, he said that. He said he could never

receive me into his circle as his wife. He said my beauty had gone; that I was haggard and ghostly. He said he loved me no longer. How could he say that when I gave up all for him! He gave me a little gold and advised me to go back to my father, or seek for some means of supporting myself. That was the end of all the love, the home, the joy he promised."

Other scenes came hurriedly before her. She saw herself searching here and there for employment, unwilling to return to her native village for fear of the pity and scorn that would meet her. No recommendation, no friends, a shabby dress, a sad, despairing face—what wonder she sought in vain! Wise old men looked at her from over their spectacles, and informed her they had no need of her services. Wise old women scanned her from head to foot, and shook their heads. Worldly young men winked slyly, and regretted that they could not render her any such assistance. Fastidious young ladies shuddered, and with great dignity informed her they knew of no situation open to her. But there were enough on every side to point down the broad road.

"Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wings."

Her restless dreaming was disturbed, for the people were passing out; but her head was so confused, and her limbs so weary that it seemed almost impossible to rise and go on her way.

"Ah me! who will 'cover my defenseless head?'" She was not conscious of speaking audibly, but her words were overheard.

"God will, my child. Why did n't you come inside? There was plenty of room."

Rachel looked up eagerly. That surely was no harsh, uncharitable voice. Was there really one in that great city who could speak to her kindly? She saw a mild, pleasant, womanly face that was almost radiant with a holy love. "Where is there any room for outcasts?" The words, the tone, the look, told her story; and the warm-hearted Christian woman, instead of shrinking back or turning away lest her garments might be soiled, took both the girl's hands in her own, and told her that the Savior's protecting arms were lovingly extended to all.

It had seemed to Rachel as if it was so easy for every one to give her a push toward ruin, and so difficult for any to stretch out a helping hand. She had almost come to believe that the Savior's words, "Neither do I condemn thee," could never reach her. Yet here was one of his faithful disciples at last, offering comfort and hope even to such an outcast. This faithful disciple did not bid her be warmed, and clothed, and fed merely; she opened the

doors of a hospitable home to receive her. She led her, step by step, from the old life of sorrow into one of peace. What was her reward? She knew she had been the instrument of saving an outcast from the haunts of poverty, from self-destruction, and eternal ruin; saved an outcast to walk humbly, purely, and to be a blessing to a father's declining years. She knew that the story, so old, so sad, of trust betrayed, had reached a happy termination. She believed the Bible—that the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. "Charity never faileth." It brings its own reward.

### THE TIDES.

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,  
Floods the calm fields with light;  
The airs that hover in the Summer sky  
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodland round  
That murmured all the day;  
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground  
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep.  
His rising tides I hear,  
Afair I see the glimmering billows leap;  
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair,  
Pure light that sits on high;  
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where  
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show  
Again its glimmering crest;  
Again it feels the fatal weight below,  
And sinks but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the Deep  
Recalls his brood of waves;  
And, with a sullen moan, abashed they creep  
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite; they shall rush from that recess  
With noise and tumult soon,  
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,  
Up toward the placid moon.

O, restless Sea! that in thy prison here  
Dost struggle and complain;  
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near  
To that fair orb in vain.

The glorious source of light and heat must warm  
Thy bosom with his glow,  
And on those mounting waves a nobler form  
And freer life bestow.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine  
In which they welter here,  
And rise above the hills of earth and shine  
In a serener sphere.





YE LEGENDE OF ROSERES—1322.

A FAYRE mayden was sclandered  
 For wrong sche had not done ;  
 Domet to the dethe to paye hire synne,  
 And yet hire synne was none.

Sche praied untoe oure Sauioure dere  
 Yt hee mote giue hire ayd,  
 And proue thereby to alle ye worlde  
 Sche was an holy mayd.

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Then forthe sche steppèd with grete feythe,  
 Untoe ye stake sche hyed ;  
 Mekelic sche bowed hire hede to alle  
 A fayrewel ere sche dyed.

Ye angry crowde, for blode athirste,  
 Untoe the pyle sette fire—  
 Ye blezing flames mounte to the skye,  
 With pyercynge strengthe fulle dire.

When suddene at hire feete, in steade  
 Of brondes and fiercest flame,  
 Are roseres fayre of symple trothe,  
 And roseres red from schame,  
 To see soe cruel, wycked deede  
 Against ye pure and true—  
 Thei claspe hire feete, thei climbe arounde,  
 Thei schroude hire inne from viewe.  
 None other roseres tille this daye  
 Hadde yet been seene on earthe,  
 'T is sure thei came from Paradyse  
 To proue this fayre mayd's worthe.

#### THE SEA-SHORE HERMIT.

ALL day within my garden's bounds,  
 Or in my lodge beside the sea,  
 Robins and blackbirds for my mates,  
 My toil-filled hours pass cheerily.  
 I breathe the fragrance of the pines  
 That darken all the Southern sky;  
 I see where o'er their silent path,  
 The white-winged ships glide ghost-like by.  
 I hear the gentle, shining waves  
 Kiss, lover-like, the yielding sand,  
 And life within me seems allied  
 To all glad life of sea and land.  
 I love the field; I love the wood;  
 The great, deep sea was always dear;  
 The sweet air sparkles through my blood,  
 And steady toil I do not fear.  
 I know the patient cattle's speech:  
 I know the speech of bird and bee;  
 The songs that fill the Summer heavens  
 Their own sweet rapture wake in me.  
 The rabbit, skipping in the grass,  
 The dove, soft cooing to its mate;  
 The fleecy clouds, that slowly pass—  
 All charm me from my lone estate.  
 And so I cheerly work and sing,  
 Indoors and out, and out and in;  
 And chatter with the birds the while  
 The checkered web of life I spin.  
 But when the royal sun sinks low,  
 And hides behind the glowing West;  
 When every creature that I know  
 Turns, with its mate, to seek its rest;  
 When the short twilight quickly fades,  
 And night's low minstrelsy awakes,  
 And whip-poor-will, amid the shades,  
 His lonesome cry of sorrow makes;  
 When sad winds murmur in mine ears,  
 And dark waves make a solemn moan,  
 They touch "the secret place of tears,"  
 For then I feel myself alone.  
 Then, weary, to my lowly cot  
 I enter in and close the door,

With hungry yearning in my heart  
 For voices I may hear no more.

O, cruel Death! in vain we sing  
 That love has triumphed over thee;  
 That faith has robbed thee of thy sting—  
 Not yet, not here our victory.

O, cruel Death! so prompt to tear  
 The staff we leaned upon away;  
 O, cruel Death! so wont to spare  
 What mars and darkens all our day.

Thou little Enemy! from whom  
 We seek to hold our friends in vain,  
 One has prevailed to fix thy doom,  
 And then thyself shalt yet be slain.

#### THE ONLY STANDARD.

Who shall judge a man from manners?  
 Who shall know him by his dress?  
 Paupers may be fit for princes,  
 Princes fit for something less;  
 Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,  
 May beclothe the golden ore  
 Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
 Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar  
 Ever welling out of stone;  
 There are purple buds and golden  
 Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;  
 God who counts by souls, not dresses,  
 Loves and prospers you and me,  
 While he values thrones, the highest,  
 But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,  
 Oft forgets his fellows then;  
 Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
 That your meanest hinds are men;  
 Men by honor, men by feeling,  
 Men by thought, and men by fame,  
 Claiming equal rights to sunshine,  
 In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embroidered oceans,  
 There are little weed-clad rills;  
 There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
 There are cedars on the hills;  
 God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
 Loves and prospers you and me,  
 For, to him, all famed distinctions  
 Are as pebbles in the sea.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
 Born with loveliness and light;  
 Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
 While there is a sunny right;  
 God, whose world-heard voice is singing  
 Boundless love to you and me,  
 Sinks oppression with its titles,  
 As the pebbles in the sea.

## JOHN BUNYAN.

## HIS SUFFERING FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

THE old inquiry was presently proposed to Bunyan, "By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?" The answer was at hand. His ability to preach was his authority; especially as of that ability a judgment had been pronounced by the Church to which he belonged. With most anxious and prayerful care his brethren had summoned him to the service; and in the summons he recognized the voice of God. All the ordination which he required he had thus obtained. It happened that the Government of the day demanded another kind of ordination. None were allowed to preach but ordained ministers, except such as were intending the ministry with the sanction of the Commonwealth. Bunyan, denying the right of the State to judge in such matters, paid no attention, but went on his way. Complaint was lodged against him, and he was indicted for preaching at Eaton. His brethren interfered; and, after special prayer on the 3d of March, 1658, they took measures for his defense. They were so far successful that the prosecution dropped.

With the Restoration of the Stuarts came one of the fiercest assaults on religious freedom which ecclesiastical despotism has ever made. Such ministry as Bunyan's was forbidden under the severest penalties. He could continue it only at the peril of his life. There was no safe alternative but to hold his peace.

For a time he adopted this alternative; assuming, now and then, strange disguises that he might pass unmolested to various out-of-the-way places, where, amid the darkness of the night, he had engaged to preach. He greatly disliked the disguising, and at length made up his mind to preach at any risk. Having been asked to come to Samsell, where the villagers were anxious to hear the Word, he replied that he would come as they desired, please God. A congregation gathered from the places round about, and the preacher was at his post. But disappointment was at hand. The authorities having heard that he was coming, had prepared for an enforcement of the law. They had their officers on the watch, with a warrant already signed for his apprehension, in case he should dare to preach. Of the danger he was informed, and the question was raised whether the service should be postponed to some other time. As it was, he might be arrested, but there was a fair chance for his escape. Not a word would he hear about escaping now. He

thought that the world would take occasion from his cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel. So, the memorable Samsell meeting went on.

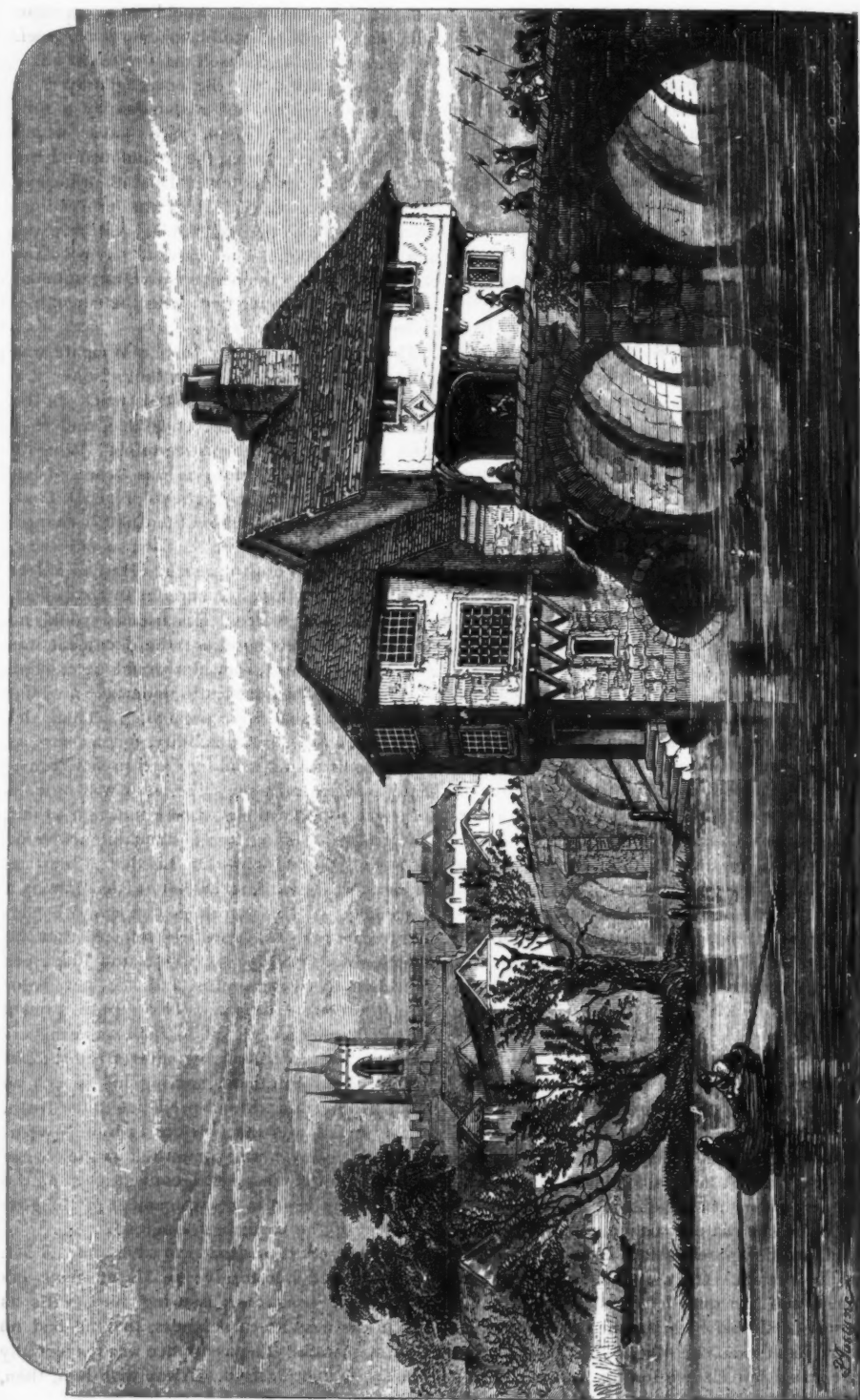
He had offered up the opening prayer, to which the brethren had responded by a full-hearted "Amen." Then, with tones which told of struggle between the tremulous and the brave, he read out his text, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" He was proceeding, when in walked the constable, and arrested him on the spot. The warrant having been produced, there was no alternative but submission, and the prisoner went with the constable, as he required.

They were too late, for Justice Wingate was gone away. As a great favor, the prisoner was released for the night on a sort of bail. In the morning Bunyan met the constable, and they went their way to the justice-room. Wingate raised a discussion before he was aware, insisting that a tinker had no right to preach. That, it was replied, depended on the tinker's character and capability. But the law, as he knew, commanded him not to preach. He had better give it up. Let him find sureties to that effect, and he should go free. His friends would, no doubt, become his sureties: the document was drawn, and a word from him would be enough.

What were the sureties to undertake? That he should desist from preaching. Then, let them decline the responsibility, for, as sure as truth was truth he would go and preach immediately on his release. The clerk was ordered to prepare his mittimus, for he must go to jail. As he was departing, an old acquaintance came into the justice-room—Dr. Lidall. A curious colloquy ensued. The Doctor reviled him as a descendant of the notorious coppersmith who had resisted the apostles. He retorted that the apostles were resisted by priests and Pharisees as well as by coppersmiths, and that, peradventure, there were descendants of those priests and Pharisees not far off. Lidall was exasperated, and went on incurring severer retort; but his opponent refrained, sparing his speech as much as he could without prejudice to the truth.

The result was that, on the 13th of November, 1660, Bunyan was committed on the charge of going about to several conventicles in the country, to the great disparagement of the government of the Church of England.

Another effort was made to save him. A Mr. Forbes urged him to give up his unseemly ecclesiastical practices, assuring him, with as much kindness as earnestness, that he had no right to preach. The assurance was respectfully but firmly contradicted. Away with him, then, to jail.



THE OLD PRISON OF BEDFORD.



At the ensuing sessions a bill of indictment was preferred, in which he was charged with having devilishly and perniciously abstained from going to Church, and with being a common upholder of conventicles, contrary to the laws. He was required to plead, but refused. In one sense of the word "Church" he was a frequenter, and not an absentee. But did he go to his parish Church? No. And, the court consenting, he mentioned the reasons why. This led to an altercation, in which, though cruelly taunted and maligned, Bunyan maintained his temper, and persisted in his course. He was no enemy to the existing Government. He avowed that he was one of the old-fashioned persons who coveted to fear God and honor the king. But he dared not disobey the King of kings; and as He had commanded that every man should minister according to the gift which had been given him, he, the prisoner, must needs minister in the preaching of the Word. He was as ready as any Justice on the bench to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's; he could not, however, render unto Cæsar the things which were God's. Then his punishment was inevitable, and thus the sentence ran: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit, and go to Church to hear Divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, you must stretch by the neck for it." And so the jailer had him away.

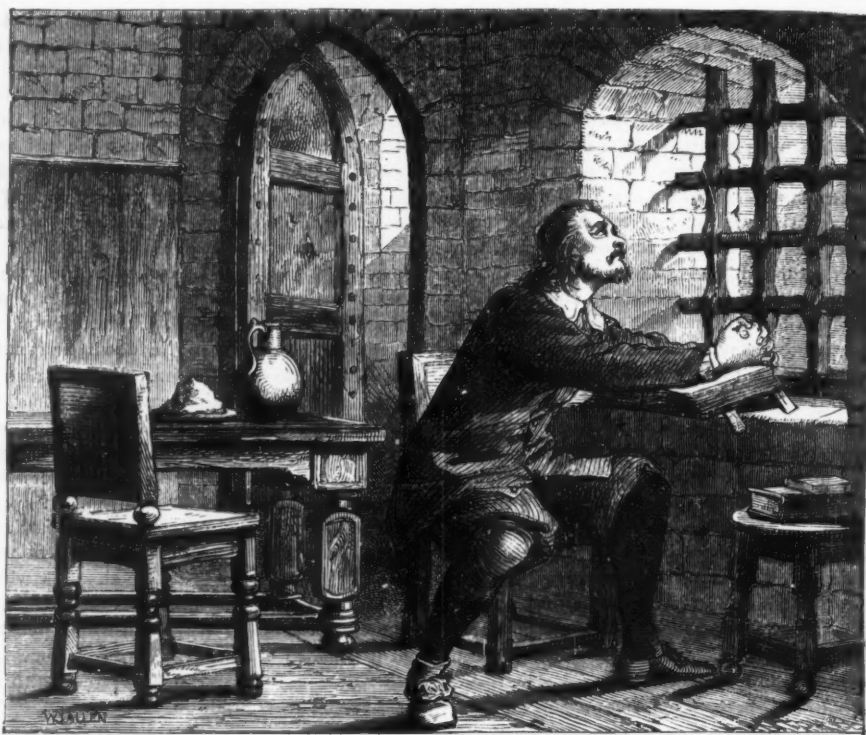
His prison was one of the worst in the kingdom, well designated by himself "a Den." There were but two cells and one small court, all on a level with the River Ouse. Thirty persons would have filled the place, but sixty were frequently shut up there day and night. To a man of two-and-thirty, accustomed to exercise and the free air, such confinement must have been dreadful. A single week of it would suffice to put his resolution to the test. He would hardly submit long to humiliation and suffering like that. If he could get the opportunity he would retract. The justices thought so, and sent the clerk of the peace to assure their prisoner of their good-will, and to persuade him to accept his release by promising not to preach. The messenger pressed him. It was bad enough that such a man should be there, the companion of felons; but it would be far worse when the sessions came, for then the heavier sentence would be passed. "It will go worse with you," said Cobb; "even to being sent away out of the nation, or else worse than that."

The interview continued for hours, but it produced no effect. Paul did own the powers that were in his day to be of God, and yet he was often in prison. Jesus Christ told Pilate that he had no power against him but of God, yet he died under Pilate; and the prisoner hoped the clerk of the peace would not say that either Paul or Christ denied magistracy. The law provided two ways of obeying. In cases which approved themselves to a man's conscience, he was bound to obey actively; and Bunyan was ready so to do. In cases which offended a man's conscience, he was bound to obey passively; even to lie down and suffer what should be done to him. For this also he was ready, even unto the death.

It happened that a Coronation came; and, according to the national custom, it obtained a free pardon for all prisoners, except the worst. It obtained no pardon for Bunyan. His enemies resorted to legal quibbles to his disadvantage, so that his hopes and endeavors were unavailing, and he was detained. His wife—for about a year before his imprisonment he had married again—went to London with a petition, but it came to nothing. The only chance now was with the Judges who were coming to the Assizes. They might, on the strength of the coronation pardon, order him to be released. On their arrival, he wanted to go to them and sue the release, but permission was refused. Nothing was left but for his wife to go. A brave-hearted and sagacious woman as she was, she gained access to the Judges several times, and so far prevailed, that a long discussion was raised upon the merits of the case. Well and wisely, and warmly, did she plead; but although the Lord Chief Justice evinced singular sympathy with her distress, he would not interfere. There were two or three ways, he said, which she might try, for getting the sentence canceled; but she had not the means for trying them, and so imprisonment went on.

That he might employ himself and support his family, Bunyan worked away at the somewhat inglorious occupation of tagging with a tin point the common shoe and stay laces which were then in vogue, and he had as much work as he could do. At intervals he read in the few books within his reach, giving the most indefatigable and systematic attention to the Word of God.

Efforts were made at the next Sessions, and also at the following Assizes, to secure his freedom. They were met invariably with the demand, "Will he undertake to leave off preaching?" If he would, there was no obstacle. But he would not give the undertaking; conse-



BUNYAN IN PRISON.

quently the obstacle remained. For six years he never left the den.

There were times when he was well-nigh overwhelmed. The parting with his wife and poor children was often as the pulling the flesh from his bones. "Poor child!" thought he of his blind one, "what sorrow thou art like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I can not now endure that the wind should blow upon thee." But, recalling himself, he recovered strength, and committed his helpless ones unto the Lord. He was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children, but he must not shrink from doing it.

For twelve years did the imprisonment continue; some of his jailers being kindly affectioned, and others oppressively unkind. To the friendliness of kindly ones must be ascribed the occasional alleviations of prison life. Not only was the place made more tolerable, but permission was given to visit his brethren, even in the metropolis, upon his word of honor that he would return. The fact got reported, and one night a messenger from the authorities awoke the jailer with the demand to see Bun-

yan. As it happened Bunyan was forthcoming and at his service; but that was all. He had returned only an hour or two before, under the impression that his enemies were just then on the alert. Whatever kindness their subordinates might evince, the magistrates and authorities would evince none.

Deliverance at length drew nigh. In March, 1672, the king issued a declaration, authorizing all Non-conformists, except the Papists, to meet for public worship and devotion, in such places and under such ministers as should be licensed from time to time. The spirit of this declaration involved the release of the Non-conformists, who were every-where in jail. Endeavors were accordingly made to obtain their release, especially by certain Quakers, whose brethren constituted the largest number of the sufferers for conscience' sake.

Some delay took place, but on the 13th of September, 1672, an order was signed which set Bunyan free. He found that his affairs were gone to wreck, and that he had to begin again as if he had newly come into the world. Before his liberation, a license had been sent to him from the king to preach, and Mr. Gifford being dead, it had been resolved by the Church

that he should become their pastor, in case he concurred with their desire.

On his release he found a large meeting-house awaiting him, which had been duly registered; and there the people gathered in great numbers from the first. With deep and devout study were his sermons thought out, and then preached; and then, according to his opinion of them, written out for further use. His resources were scanty; he had little else at first but the Word of God and prayer. He found his help and his inspiration, as he was continually declaring, from a higher source. To draw water from his own cistern was his delight; daring to make bold only with what God had made his own by the evidence of the Word and Spirit. This great Bible habit of Bunyan's was obvious in every sermon he composed. The occurrence of Scripture was not only incessant, but appropriate and conclusive; exhibiting without any intention a remarkable phase of the unity of Scripture and the analogy of faith. The plainest phraseology was adopted, and the homeliest style. His idea was, that words easy to be understood do often hit the mark, when high and learned ones do only pierce the air. In no sense were his statements an uncertain sound. His ministry was comprehensible at once. The common people heard him gladly, while the more fastidious found no occasion for complaint. He was perspicuous without being vulgar, and vigorous without being coarse.

In the delivery of his sermons he had the advantage of a sharp, quick eye, a fine voice, and an agreeable address. By nature and grace alike he was qualified to be a good minister of Jesus Christ. No wonder, therefore, that his meeting-house was always crowded, many being constrained to stand without. There was power in the preacher that was felt throughout the neighborhood, all sorts of persons striving to partake of his instructions.

#### HIS AUTHORSHIP.

Bunyan was familiar with the handling of the pen. It was a pleasure to him to write. Composition trickled from his heart to his head, and thence through his fingers to the page. It may, indeed, be conjectured that the act of writing was laborious and somewhat slow. Judging from the earlier specimens of his penmanship, it must have taken a good while to get his smallest books ready for the press. The mind evidently outstripped the hand. He became an author in 1656, almost as soon as he became a preacher; and his first work was controversial. It was entitled "Some Gospel Truths Opened according to the Scriptures."

The object of it was to counteract the errors which certain Quakers were disseminating, to the disparagement of Scripture, and of the vicarious sacrifice of the Lamb of God.

It was answered immediately; and to the answer he gave a severe reply. Other books followed, and then he was imprisoned. Composition, however, went on, necessity coming in to stimulate his pen. He wanted to support his family; and, although he was a prisoner, he had to support himself. For these purposes, lace-tagging being insufficient, he wrote some smaller pieces, which his friends had printed for sale about the streets. They went off so well that the ballad-singers about Newgate and London Bridge availed themselves of the writer's popularity by attaching his portrait and initials to some impudent forgeries of their own.

In token of his solicitude for those to whom his preaching had been a blessing, he wrote a brief relation of God's exceeding mercy to himself. The relation, which extends from his birth to his imprisonment, is one of the most affecting autobiographies in the world. It constitutes, of course, the staple of every account of his conversion and consecration to the work of God. The reader of the present sketch has been really listening to the man himself. It is substantially Bunyan's own.

The earnestness of tone throughout his relation comes out in one passage to admiration: "God did not play in convincing me; the devil did not play in tempting me; neither did I play when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me; wherefore, I may not play in relating them, but be plain and simple, and lay the thing down as it was." His title, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," was the best he could have found.

More elaborate publications followed; the preparation of which, under Bunyan's circumstances, must always be a matter of surprise. They were profound treatises on such great matters as justification by faith and the resurrection of the dead; and, although modern treatises have superseded them in our theological schools, they have rarely been surpassed, either in their robust intellectual power, or in their sagacious insight, or in their reverential and tremulous anxiety to apprehend the truth, or in their precise and vigorous statement of the sentiment to be expressed. The only known addition to his few literary resources was a Concordance and Fox's "Book of Martyrs;" and his only place for writing was the common cell, in which the interruptions were incessant, and the conveniences none at all. The tone of these prison compositions was to a large

extent controversial; and in some cases the controversialist was ungenerous and harsh.

The last work which went to press from prison was entitled "A Confession of my Faith, and a Reason of my Practice." Its design was to defend the practice of admitting Christians, as Christians, to the Lord's-Supper. It was enough in Bunyan's esteem that a man gave evidence of the faith which worketh by love. That he had not been immersed on a profession of his faith the Baptist pastor would honestly regret; but, inasmuch as he refrained from such immersion conscientiously—of which the godliness of his life was held to be the proof—his right to the privileges of the Church was unquestionable, and at Bedford they might all become his own. A great outcry was raised by the leading Baptists, and his open communionism was denounced as daring disloyalty to the Lord. But Bunyan quietly persisted, determining, the Almighty God being his shield, to suffer for this principle, "even until the moss should grow upon his eyebrows."

There was another book that might have seen the light before our author left the prison—the one which has so effectually immortalized his name. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was begun and finished in Bedford jail. It came to him almost without an effort; obtruding itself, in its unrivaled and unnumbered excellences of sentiment and style, with all the gentleness of a dream. He was in the act of writing another work when he fell suddenly into writing this. Twenty suggestions occurred, and before he had put them down, twenty more. He set his pen to paper with delight. As he pulled the matter came; and as he was still pulling, it came again, until at its length, and breadth, and bigness he was both gratified and amazed. He had kept the subject entirely to himself; he had received no help from a human soul; he had gotten no material from the stores of other times; he had caught no inspiration, either from the glorious sound of many waters, or from the gorgeous spectacle of Oriental heavens, or from the sublime solitudes, and the sublimer silence of the everlasting hills. He was the occupant of a den, and he had always been a dweller amid the flats of the sluggish and soporific Ouse. But, to his unspeakable enjoyment, he had brought Christian through marvelous vicissitudes, by the Delectable Mountains, and through the land of Beulah, unto the paradise of God. Manner and matter, too, was all his own; nor was it made known to any mortal till he had done it.

It was not published until 1678. Its popularity was immediate and immense. Within

ten years twelve editions had been published, and in England alone 100,000 copies had been sold before Bunyan died. From that time to this it has been a foremost book. It has been quoted on the stage. The "Madge Wildfires" of romance have turned it to account. Essayists have pondered its several parts, in order to their profound disquisitions upon the whole. Critics have dissected and analyzed that they might secure intelligent perception of its beauties and defects. Through translations it may be read by almost every nation under heaven. Artists have expended the utmost of their power in illustrating its surpassing scenes.

The "History of Mr. Badman," with one or two other books, followed the publication of the "Pilgrim," and then, in 1682, came the "Holy War." This book passed through several editions in the author's life, and is in request still, though by no means to the extent which its transcendent excellences deserve. It is the best human directory extant for the man who would understand how the law of sin which is in his members is wrought upon by Satanic power, and how, through the concurring grace of the Holy Ghost, that power may be held in check.

Within a year or two was published the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in which Christian's wife and children, with their neighbor "Mercy," are seen going after him to heaven. Other companions, with names most profoundly significant of character, join them on their journey, and, under the dauntless guardianship of "Great-Heart," they ultimately reach their destination; it being glorious to see how the open region was filled with horses, and chariots, and trumpeters, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another into the beautiful city. The versatility of Bunyan's power is manifest in the entire tone of this second part in comparison with the first. The progress of the Christian man was, for the most part, a terrible struggle to obtain a victory; the progress of the Christian woman was, to a large degree, a pleasant journey toward a home.

Other books followed, until about sixty volumes, several of them of goodly dimensions, constituted Bunyan's works. Many of them were polemical, but all had reference to the fundamental verities of the Christian faith. In several instances they were the enlargements of his sermons; the impression having come upon him strongly that they were likely to awaken ungodly readers from their deadness and to induce some deeper spirituality among the saints.

Not one was there of all the sixty books of



which it was not safely to be said that his object was apparent, his language intelligible, his reasoning lucid, his illustrations homely, his sincerity undeniable, his design benevolent, his tone that of Boanerges, or of Barnabas, either the indignant or the pathetic, the alarming or the consolatory, whichever seemed the likeliest to bring his readers into the earlier or the maturer fellowship of the faith of Christ.

#### HIS LATTER END.

Suffering for conscience's sake threatened Bunyan to the end. His non-conformity and evan-

gelical faithfulness rendered him most obnoxious to the authorities, and on different occasions they despoiled him of his goods. His meeting-house was shut up, and for a while he and his congregation had to assemble in the fields. Amid this uncertainty as to the future, he transferred to his well-beloved wife, by a document dated 23d December, 1685, whatever property he had acquired. He, "John Bunyan, brazier," moved by his natural affection, had put her in possession of all goods, and chattels, and debts, wheresoever they might be found.

Thus prepared for the worst, he was instant



JOHN BUNYAN ON HIS LAST ERRAND OF MERCY.

in season and out of season in his Master's work. His reputation went on increasing. Opportunities for usefulness extended in all directions. With books he became better acquainted, and of his larger knowledge of society he took singular advantage. Every thing was made subservient to his purpose; so that his congregations were often struck by the sagacious mention of matters that were familiar, and his readers by graphic allusions to the incidents and opinions of the times. As the chaplain of the Lord Mayor of London, to which office he once attained, or as the pleasant guest of the wayside

cottagers, to whom after the frugal meal he was about to preach, he was alike bent upon doing good and getting good. He studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

Early in the year 1688 he suffered severely from the sweating sickness, and it was feared that he must die. Partial recovery ensued, and to the full extent of his diminished strength his labors were resumed. But the end was drawing nigh, and before long it came; not, indeed, as either himself or his fondly devoted wife would have desired, for he died where she could



BUNYAN'S TOMB IN BUNHILL FIELDS BURIAL GROUND.

not come to him in time, two days' journey away from home.

He had been induced by a young man, whose father was about to disinherit him, to attempt a reconciliation. There was no hope of this except an interview could be obtained, and that involved a journey from Bedford to Reading, a distance of fifty miles. He undertook it, although on horseback, and so well wrought out his self-denying enterprise that the father consented to forgive and re-instate his son forthwith. Overjoyed at his success, Bunyan generously determined to take London, where the youth resided, on the way home, that he might be told of the result. The weather was unusually inclement, and the journey became exhausting. On reaching the residence of his friend Mr. Shaddocks, on Snow Hill, the traveler fell ill of fever, and, although hope had been entertained of his recovery, after ten days he died. The day is uncertain; the accounts varying between the 12th, 17th, and 31st of August, 1688.

Bunyan's death was a befitting consummation of his life. His loins were girded, and his lamp

trimmed. He endured unto the end. He expired, setting his seal to it triumphantly that God was true. "Would you be better satisfied," said the dying man to his attendants, "as to what the beatifical vision means, my request is that you will live holily, *and then come and see*. I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will, no doubt, through the mediation of his blessed Son, receive me, although a sinner. Weep not for me. We shall meet ere long to sing the new song, and remain everlastingly happy, world without end." He knew in himself that he had in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

The body was buried in Bunhill Fields, amid most grateful tokens of the general respect and love. At Bedford the grief was vehement; specially within the bereaved Church, but also through the neighborhood without. It was only a fortnight before that his fellow-townsmen had seen him ride away on his errand of mercy into Berkshire, rather less robust, they thought, than formerly, but still a hale strong man of sixty; some of them respectfully bidding him farewell; others, more familiarly wishing him Godspeed.

And now he was dead and gone! By his considerate kindness to an outcast, he had brought about his latter end. In serving his own generation, by the will of God he had fallen asleep and was gathered to his fathers. Magnanimous, venerable Bunyan! Thou restest from thy labors, and thy works do follow thee. Thy course was checkered, but it was consistent. Thou wert frowned upon and flattered, but thou wert faithful. Thy progress from this world to that which is to come accorded with the similitude of thine own inimitable dream, from the slough of its commencement to the consolation and triumph of its close.

## BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.\*

**B**R. BROWNING'S new poem has been before the public long enough to have been read and re-read, and it is the re-reading that is required in such a work in order to the full discovery of its real excellence. It contains a double guarantee of interest and worth; it combines the poetry of Browning, one of the best of the moderns, and a transcript from Euripides, one of the best of the ancients. The volume, indeed, might have borne two names on the title-page—Euripides and Browning. The poet of Athens, though long dead, lives again in these pages, and lives, too, in a new language, and among a new people. The josty old Athenian needs fear no loss of the power and beauty of his poetic numbers, as his equal in poetic grandeur brings over his thoughts into the language of modern times. Nor needs the unlearned reader sigh and wish for the power of reading the words of the original; the spirit, as well as the thoughts, of the old Greek is breathed here. It is one great poet interpreting another. As a specimen of the translator's skill take the following:

"Harbor of many a stranger, free to friend  
Ever and always, O thou house o' the man  
We mourn for! Thee, Apollon's very self,  
The Lyric Puthian, deigned inhabit once,  
Become a shepherd hero in thy domains,  
And pipe, adown the winding hill-side paths,  
Pastoral marriage poems to thy flocks  
At feed: while with them fed in fellowship,  
Through joy i' the music, spot-skin lynxes; ay,  
And lions, too, the bloody company,  
Come leaving Othrus' dell; and round the lyre,  
Phoibos, there danced the speckle-coated fawn,  
Pacing on lightsome fetlock past the pines  
Tress-topped, the creature's natural boundary  
Into the open every-where; such heart

Had she within her, beating joyous beats,  
As the sweet re-assurance of thy song!

Therefore the lot o' the master is, to live  
In a home multitudinous with herds,  
Along by the fair-flowing Boibian lake,  
Limited, that plowed land and pasture plain,  
Only where stand the sun's steeds, stabled west  
I' the cloud, by that mid-air which makes the clime  
Of those Molossoi: and he rules as well  
O'er the Aigaian, up to Pelion's shore—  
Sea-stretch without a port? such lord have we:  
And here he opens house now, as of old,  
Takes to the heart of it a guest again;  
Though moist the eyelid of the master, still  
Mourning his dear wife's body, dead but now."

The poem is dedicated to the Countess Cowper, and the poet declares that the work "absolutely owes its existence to her," who not only suggested it, but imposed it on the author as a task, and so constituted for the writer a delightful "May month amusement." The author very beautifully says in the dedication, "Euripides might fear little; but I also have an interest in the performance, and what wonder if I beg you to suffer that it make in another and far easier sense, its nearest approach to those Greek qualities of goodness and beauty, by laying itself gratefully at your feet!" It is also said to be really a memorial of the author's precious wife.

The Story of Alcestis, the subject of one of the finest tragedies of Euripides, is also the subject involved in this Adventure of Balaustion. Balaustion is a girl—

"Although she has some other name, we only call her  
Wild pomegranate flower, 'Balaustion.'"

She is a girl from the Isle of Rhodes. About four hundred years before Christ, Nicias, the Athenian leader, made his disastrous expedition against Syracuse, and failed both by land and water. He was taken and killed. The Rhodians clamored to throw off their allegiance to Athens, and joined the revolt against Athens in favor of Sparta. Balaustion, a passionate lover of the genius and poetry of Athens, becomes indignant with her countrymen, and by her eloquence and adjurations rouses a few of her friends and kinsfolk, and they resolve to sail together for Athens, "the city of the violet crown," "their hearts' true harbor." Driven by adverse winds, and pursued by pirates, the songs of Balaustion inspire and encourage the oarsmen. At length they succeed in reaching what they suppose to be a harbor of Crete, but, alas! it is Syracuse itself. The Syracusans threaten to drive them back in despite of their supplications and dangers:

"We want no colony from Athens here,  
With memories of Salamis forsooth,  
To spirit up our captives, that pale crowd  
I' the quarry whom the daily pint of corn  
Keeps in good order and submissiveness"

\* Balaustion's Adventure: Including a Transcript from Euripides. By Robert Browning. 16mo. Pp. 152. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

But Balaustion comes to the rescue and saves her companions from death or captivity. The Syracusans have heard of the fame of the new poet Euripides, and Balaustion, in her passionate devotion to the poetry of the Greeks, has committed whole books of Euripides to memory. She sees their anxiety to learn about the poet, and promises the Syracusans, "Brother Greeks," that if they will save them she will recite

"The main of a whole play from first to last ;  
That strangest, saddest, sweetest song of his,  
Alcestis !"

The Syracusans accept the offer, and the fugitives are saved. From the steps of the Temple of Hercules she recites to the gathering crowd the touching drama of the death of Alcestis as a substitute for her husband Admetus, and her redemption from Hades by Hercules. The book does not pretend to be a mere translation of the Alcestis, but contains also much original matter. The author thus beautifully describes the intertwining of his own verse with the subject as derived from Euripides:

"Enough and too much ! Hear the play itself !  
Under the grapevines, by the streamlet side,  
Close to Baccheion ; till the cool increase,  
And other stars steal on the evening star,  
And so we homeward flock i' the dusk, we five !  
You will expect, no one of all the words  
O' the play but has grown part of my soul,  
Since the adventure. 'T is the poet speaks :  
But if I, too, should try and speak at times,  
Leading your love to where my love, perchance,  
Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew—  
Why, bear with the poor climber, for love's sake !  
Look at Baccheion's beauty opposite  
The temple with the pillars at the porch !  
See you not something beside masonry ?  
What if my words wind in and out the shore,  
As yonder ivy, the god's parasite ?  
Though they leap all the way the pillar leads,  
Festoon about the marble, foot to frieze,  
And serpentinely enrich the roof,  
Toy with some few bees and a bird or two—  
What then ? The column holds the cornice up !"

The story is very plaintive. Alcestis is introduced as dying, her husband bewailing her lot, but fearing to take the place that belongs to him, and save her life. The heart of the reader is touched by the discourse on faithfulness, and her dying farewells.

She fades out of breath, and

"He only now began to taste the truth,  
The thing done lay revealed, which undone thing  
Reversed for fact by fancy, at the best,  
Never can equal."

While bearing her forth to burial Hercules arrives—

"Herakles, who held his life  
Out on his hand for any man to take."

He sees the funeral, is misled to believe it a stranger, and feasts as his host conducts the

burial. Hearing whose is the funeral, he laments his untimely festivities, and arises to go forth and wrestle with Death for the recovery of the noble wife. He exclaims :

"I will go lie in wait for Death, black-stoled  
King of the corpses. I shall find him, sure,  
Drinking beside the tomb o' the sacrifice.  
And if I lie in ambuscade, and leap  
Out of my lair, and seize—encircle him  
Till one hand join the other round about—  
There lives not who shall pull him out from me,  
Rib-mauled, before he let the woman go."

What a grand description of the Divine, self-sacrificing Savior and Helper of men is put into the mouth of this old demigod as he enters upon his mission of saving :

"I think this is the authentic sign and seal  
Of godship, that it ever waxes glad,  
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts  
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,  
And recommence at sorrow ; drops like seed  
After the blossom, ultimate of all.  
Say, does the seed scorn earth, and seek the sun ?  
Surely it has no other end and aim  
Than to drop, once more to die in the ground,  
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there,  
And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,  
More joy and most joy—do man good again."

Sad is the grief of the home-returning husband. How often does the broken heart thus bleed, as it comes back from the open grave to the desolate house :

"And no Alkestes any more again.  
Why the whole woe, billow-like, broke on him.  
'O hateful envy, hateful countenance,  
O, the widowed halls,' he moaned ; what was to be ?  
Go there ? Stay here ? Speak, not speak ? All was now  
Mad and impossible alike ; one way  
And only one was sane and safe—to die.  
Now he was made aware how dear is death,  
How lovable the dead are, how the heart  
Yearns in us to go hide where they repose,  
When we find sunbeams do no good to see,  
Nor earth rests rightly where our footsteps fall.  
His wife had been to him the very pledge  
She should be seen ; earth, earth ; the pledge was robbed,  
Pact broken, and the world was left no world."

How true, also, this reply to the fond and foolish attempt to console such memories :

"They tried what they call comfort, 'touched the quick  
Of the ulceration in his soul,' he said,  
With memories, 'once thy joy was thus, and thus ;'  
'True comfort were to let him fling himself  
Into the hollow grave o' the tomb, and so  
Let him lie dead along with all he loved."

He defends his noble wife with—

"Word slow pursuing word in monotone,"

and strengthens his soul by ennobling her.

At last Hercules returned with her, veiled, and committed to Admetus' care. He refuses to receive the strange lady. She is at last disclosed, but not as she was before :

"With such fixed eyes  
And such slow smile Alkestes' silent self."



Her complete restoration is not told, and one is left to feel that it were better that the dead rise not, much as the heart longs for them; but that we go to them, and not they return to us. It is a sad strain, and shows how vastly Christ triumphs over Hercules; the faith of the Christian over that of the heathen. Its sadness is relieved by strength, and this funeral song ends in jubilant notes of praise and bliss.

Balaustion finishes her recital, and the Rhodians are saved and cherished. She finds a lover, and returning with him to Athens, learns that there are many small critics there who wonder that Syracuse should have thought so much of Euripides, whom they condemn, first because he is so new, and then as

"A man that never kept good company,  
The most unsociable of poet's kind."

But Balaustion has her love and her happiness, and even comes to know the great poet himself, to whom she tells the story of her adventure.

The poem looks a little odd from the author choosing to discard the commonly received Latin names of the *dramatis personæ*, and substituting the Greek names, such as Herakles, Phoibos, Zeus, Asklepios, Alkestes, etc. He gives also a far grander apotheosis to Hercules than did the ancient poet himself, who did not forget that while he was the demigod of strength, he was also the demigod of gluttony. But neither Euripides nor Browning needs commendation. We need only say that whoever reads Balaustion's Adventure will read the best representation of a Greek tragedy in English literature.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN DEACONESSSES.

PAUL commended unto the Romans Phœbe, "which is a *servant* of the Church which is at Cenchrea," or in other words, which is a *deacon* of the Church which is at Cenchrea, for commentators tell us that the Greek word *διάκονον*, here translated servant, should be deacon, as it is in many other places in the apostolic writings. We should then be familiar with at least the name of one office filled by women.

That there was such an office in the early Church there is no dispute, but concerning the duties devolving upon the deaconess we have but little information.

In the Apostolic Constitutions we are told that the deaconess shall be a "pure virgin," or otherwise, "a widow once married, faithful and worthy." At service she was to stand at the

women's entrance and place females in the congregation. She was also to perform the duties of a male deacon where he could not be sent on account of unbelievers, and to prevent scandal, but her most important offices were those connected with the baptizing of women. It is provided that "no woman shall approach the deacon or the bishop without the deaconess;" and "to both—deacon and deaconess—pertain messages, journeys to foreign parts, ministrations, services." If these things be so, then certainly Phœbe carried Paul's letter down to Rome.

In M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclopedia we find their duties set forth as follows: "To take care of the sick and poor, and to minister to martyrs and confessors in prison, to whom they could more easily gain access than the deacons, to instruct catechumens, and to assist at the baptism of women; to exercise a general oversight over the female members of the Church, and this not only in public, but in private, making occasional reports to the bishops and presbyters." Origen, Pliny, Trajan, Tertullian, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, Theodoret, and Sozomen make mention of deaconesses.

In Book VII of the Apostolic Constitutions is found the following beautiful form of ordination to be used by the bishop in consecrating the deaconess to her work. "Touching the deaconess, I Bartholomew do thus ordain: O bishop, thou shalt lay on her thy hands, in the presence of the presbytery, of the deacons, and of the deaconess, and thou shalt say, 'O, everlasting God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of man and woman, who didst fill with thy Spirit Mary and Deborah, and Hannah and Hulda; who didst not disdain to cause thine only-begotten Son to be born of a woman; who didst admit into the tabernacle of the testimony and into the temple the women guardians of thy holy gates: thyself look down even now upon thy servant now admitted into the diaconate, and give to her thy Holy Spirit, and cleanse her from all pollution of thy flesh and Spirit, that she may worthily fulfill thy work thus intrusted to her, to thy glory, and to the praise of thy Christ, with whom to thee be glory and worship, and to the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. Amen.'"

Two other forms for the ordination of deaconesses exist.

How long this office continued is uncertain. "It was first abrogated in France by the Council of Orange A. D. 441." In the Greek Church it did not become extinct until the twelfth century, and its need in that Church is now practically supplied by free sisterhoods unordained.

In the Eastern, or Greek, Church the honor of the office had not departed up to the first half of the sixth century. Mention is found of the office in the Western Church as late as the eleventh century. "Its restoration was attempted in the Reformed Church in 1568 and 1571, but the General Synod at Middleburg decided against it." The Puritans in England recognized deaconesses in the sixteenth century. Although this office existed in the Eastern and Western Churches for eleven or twelve centuries, or about two-thirds of the Christian era, yet as early as the fifth century, we learn from Chrysostom, they no longer went from house to house, but departed not from the church; ascetic self-righteousness had entered in, and they now ruined their health by austerities, and brought swarms of loathsome diseases upon themselves, regarding coarse and shapeless garments and filthy attire as virtue's colors. Thus the diaconate lost its original form and power; no more traveling now from land to land or going from house to house carrying "good tidings of great joy."

The high walls of the nunneries of the Roman Catholic Church shut in all that was left of the office of the deaconess. From M'Clinck and Strong we quote these words concerning the office: "The advantages resulting to a Christian community from such an order are too obvious to require exposition. It has been a serious misfortune to the Church at large that the office has been allowed to fall into disuse; and the wide-spread institutions at the present day in the Churches of Great Britain and America, of ladies' district visiting societies, Dorcas societies, etc., satisfactorily show the necessity of practically supplying, to some extent at least, the want of this primitive office." Dr. Maclay, writing from China in the October number of the "Heathen Woman's Friend," concerning the labor of native Christian women in the China missions, asks, "Why not revive the ancient order of deaconesses in our Church?"

There is at present a movement on foot for the introduction of this order into the Church of England, and the subject is being agitated in the German Reformed Church of America. In 1866 a gentleman of Hagerstown, Maryland, gave \$5,000, accompanied with a proposition that three ladies of the congregation should be ordained deaconesses, and have control of the income of said fund for the purposes and duties as practiced in the early Church. Bishop Littlejohn before a convention of ministers of the Diocese of Long Island, in session some time during the past year—I have not the

exact date—urged the importance of the setting apart of women for special Church orders and duties. The proposition met with great favor.

There are several deaconess institutions in Europe at the present time, and at least two in our own country. I have not been able to gain information of any others, though there may be such.

The oldest of those in Europe, and the first practical modern recognition of the work of deaconesses, was commenced in 1835, in Kaiserwerth, Prussia. This institution has a seminary in which to train teachers, an orphan asylum, and a training school for nurses and visitors to prisons, etc. In 1866 there were 139 stations and 491 sisters, of whom 311 were deaconesses and 180 on probation. Branches of Kaiserwerth have sprung up all over Europe. Perhaps among the most important are those at Paris, London, Strasburg, Eschallens, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Berlin, and Frankfort, and in 1849 a branch was established at Pittsburg, Penn., by pastor Fliedner in person, who, with his wife, was the founder of the institution at Kaiserwerth. We likewise find mention of a Lutheran deaconess hospital at Chicago, Illinois, in which a large number of Scandinavians are cared for. We can not enumerate the various duties of these women among the rich and poor; the sick in private homes and hospitals; the destitute in poor-house and prison; the care of orphans; and the succorers of friendless, homeless girls and women; of their deeds of mercy and devotion, the extent of which shall only be known in eternity, and all for Christ's sake; for no vows, no monastic obedience bind them, as are bound most of the orders of women in the Roman Catholic Church. These deaconess institutions are thoroughly Protestant. Upon their statutes are written such principles as these—no vows, no poverty, no monastic obedience, no celibacy, no engagements, no claustral seclusions, no vain practices, no domination over conscience, or tyranny over the will. They are delivered "from the snare and sin of perpetual vows." They depend not upon penance or good works, but upon Christ. He is their hope and their watch-word. Of the institution at Eschallens it is said, and the statutes of those at Paris and Strasburg are similar, "The deaconesses of Eschallens are a free corporation, which devotes itself, for the Savior's love, to the service of the unfortunate, and especially of the sick." The sisters are placed under the authority of the minister and his wife as directors. The duty of the parish or commune deaconess exactly corresponds with the duties of the early Chris-

tian deaconess, of which Phœbe is, by name at least, the apostolic type. She visits the poor and sick at their homes, procures for them work and clothing, works for them herself with the needle, instructs the children, and gives a regular account of her labors to the clergyman, or such as have the authority. "Florence Nightingale received a regular course of training at Kaiserwerth before she took charge of the Female Sanitarium in London."

Let me here condense a few of the arguments offered by Dr. Howson, in his work on "Deaconesses," published in London in 1862, and from which I have derived much of the information here offered on the subject, in favor of having such an office in the Church of England, and which, for aught I see, apply with equal force to the Churches in America. "There is need in our Church system of a more systematic female agency than any thing we have yet possessed. Such agents should be set apart to charitable and religious work, as the business of their lives. This should be in addition to the admirable volunteer work, which is already abundant in fruit, and which would be greatly strengthened and encouraged by the deaconesses. There could be no harm in establishing such an agency, though no hint for it were given in the Scriptures."

It is a moral and spiritual want of the times. Through a large portion of the day the "poor man's house is a woman's house and a children's house;" a woman would be welcome there when a man's presence would be an intrusion. Women will often persuade men where men have failed to do so. In nursing the sick no man can invade a woman's province. It is then she stands by the "well of water," and can watch for the propitious moment when spiritual medicine may be administered. She may watch over young girls when just going out to, or are at, service, for it is from this class that the criminal and miserable ranks of society are so largely recruited. She would be of much value to the clergyman in looking after young girls just confirmed or preparing to be. Such women are needed in the work houses and prisons, and penitentiaries, and especially for female convicts, and those just discharged. They are needed in the homes of the poor, and for general district visiting, thereby relieving the pressure on the time of the clergy, "his time for study being reduced to shreds by much parochial visiting." Yet how necessary that this work should be done!

This official would bring out volunteer work that did not exist before. The timid and retiring would have a place as well as the daring and

energetic. They are needed in times of pestilence, war, and famine.

He adds, Not every woman is fit for this kind of service. "The first deaconesses were at the foot of the cross." In the contemplation of such an office minor questions arise concerning their education, support, uniformity of dress, etc., which have satisfactorily adjusted themselves wherever the office has been established, and of marriage—for Dr. Flidner says, "this is the Enfield rifle that ruins us; these young parsons and schoolmasters will take long shots at our deaconesses;" but adds, "The Bible leaves marriage free, and we must also."

Dr. Howson says concerning the necessity, or otherwise, of ordaining women to work, "I believe that if women are professionally and officially employed in works of religion and charity under the direction of the clergy, and if they have the general recognition of the Bishops, this sufficiently satisfies the conditions of the Primitive Female Diaconate."

Let it be understood that those who advocate Protestant orders of women do not advocate nunneries, nor vows, nor labor by women separate and independent of men; but *active orders*, free from vows, working in conjunction with the ecclesiastical power; a *communion* of labor in this great field, the world, as there is in the family circle, where men and women are mutually dependent.

That Christian women have a work to do, none will deny. There are many wounded and borne down in the battle of life, that none but a woman can reach and save. If women do not lift men to heaven they drag them to hell. So long as many sell themselves to fashion and folly, bartering their souls for less than a mess of pottage, even a few flaunting gewgaws to hang upon their person; so long as there are those whose "feet go down to death, and whose steps take hold on hell;" so long as yellow-backed literature, wine, and women drag men to perdition, there is work for true-hearted Christian women to do.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church there are 700,000 women, or 200,000 more women than men; and the question of how this force may be utilized is of no small importance both to the Church and the world. If the Church lays not hold of it the world does. But certainly this question has been at least partially solved by the organization of a society called the "Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union," which, to a great extent, supplies the want of the order of deaconesses. In fact, in this society we find the exact counterpart of the Commune Deaconess of Europe, or the apostolic Phœbe. It was first

organized in Philadelphia, March, 1868, and the first year 37,000 families were visited, and during this last year already more than 50,000 families have been visited by these ladies in the interest of Church, Sabbath-school, and religion.

In this society the earnestly pious sisters in the Church simply propose to unite under the control and guidance of their pastor, and, as he shall direct, visit the sick, the poor, the fatherless, and the widows; and appeal to the careless and indifferent professor, or hardened sinner, giving as much as practicable of their time and money for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom; but, above all, their prayers and personal efforts for the salvation of souls, "engaging to watch for souls as they who must give account," and be ready, if need be, to "snatch them as brands from the eternal burning."

To do this work we need complete consecration of self; to build an altar, and upon it burn every personal idol, then shall a live coal be given, which shall light a flame of sacred love in these poor hearts of ours, which will enable us to take up the cross, and cling to it till it shall be to us as "wings to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry us to heaven."

What though it require self-denial—though we meet with opposition, derision, and persecution, what matters it to us if by these things we not only ourselves become, but bring others to be, "corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace;" and if, when "blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be (given) unto our God forever and ever," we shall hear asked, "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes?" and shall hear answered, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!"

## A VISIT TO THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

### II.

THE SZILL VALLEY—PETROGENY—PETRILLA AND THE OLD GOLD-WORKINGS—VULKAN.

THE valley of Hartzeg forms an extended and rich plain, surrounded by mountains, and looks as if it had once been a landlocked lake. The road to the Vulkan leads through its greatest length, passing many picturesque villages, with quaint wooden churches and plum-tree orchards.

The road becomes more and more interesting as it approaches the Carpathians. It passes through a gracefully undulating country covered

with wood, and when the mountain range is reached the scenery is extremely grand. The road then winds up and down one hill after another, each becoming wilder, and rising higher until the eminence, beyond which lies the valley of the Szill, is reached. The descent into this valley is almost precipitous, and the scenery has the character peculiar to the Carpathians; namely, a mixture of garden-like fertility and rugged boldness.

The view of the Szill Valley from the heights is most delightful; the vale unfolds itself like a panorama, with its clusters of houses nestled here and there in the most romantic nooks, its orchards, maize-fields, and pasturages through which the sparkling Szill River is rippling, adding life to the calm beauty of the scenery. The valley is about twenty miles long, and three to four wide. Two little rivers spring up in it, having their sources at either end, and known respectively as the Hungarian and Wallachian Szill. They meet at about the center of the valley, and then flow through an impassable gorge called the Zurdock into the great plain of Wallachia on the other side of the Carpathian range, which here forms the boundary between the two countries, and eventually fall into the Danube. At the northern extremity of the valley lies the little village of Petrogeny, now becoming a town, and the terminus of a branch line from the main Transylvania Railway. The inducement to construct this line consists in the immense mineral wealth of the valley, the basin of which is covered with tertiary strata bearing numerous beds of coal.

We put up at the inn of the Vulkan *contumez* that night, where we found scant and inferior accommodation. A *contumez*, be it known, is a Government establishment, erected at the Austrian end of every pass over the Carpathians, for the purpose of examining the cattle brought from the Danubian Provinces, in order to prevent the introduction of the rinderpest. It consists of a series of buildings erected for the accommodation of the inspector and his assistants, a detachment of police, a collector of taxes, and a *dépôt* for Government tobacco. A sort of inn is usually attached to provide for the wants of the drovers and any travelers who may chance to come over the pass.

We found the place dirty and disagreeable, and only fit for the reception of cattle drovers, who habitually resort to it. However, in the absence of any other shelter, we had to put up with it and be thankful.

Our visit to Petrogeny next day was most interesting. Here we found quite an army of workmen of all nationalities—Wallachs, Ital-

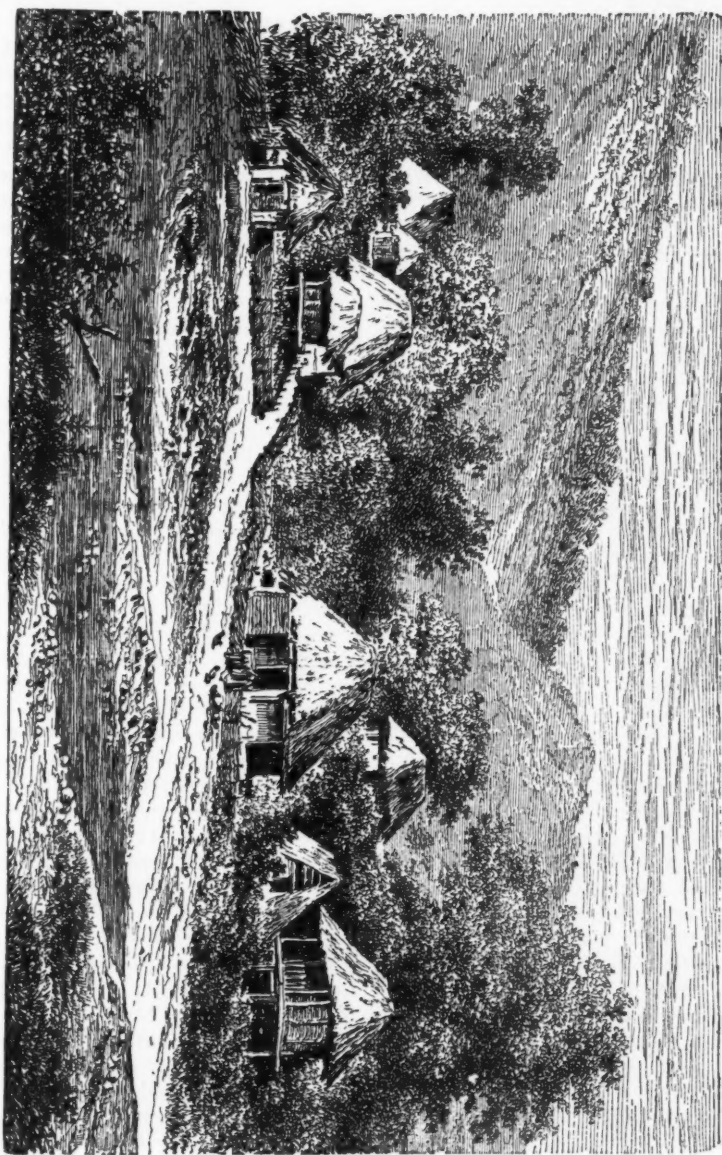


ians, Germans, Sechs, Szecklers, Magyars, and Albanians hard at work, at the terminus of the line of railway, and building up houses for the inflowing population of what some day will become an important town.

The coal-beds have been proved here, and

found to contain in the aggregate no less than one hundred and fourteen feet of coal. This immense wealth of mineral extends through the whole length and breadth of the valley, though perhaps nowhere is the section of the coal-seams so fine as at Petrogeny. The place now is

VILLAGE IN THE SZILL VALLEY.



a sort of sea of mud, out of which buildings are arising as if by enchantment. All round are the encampments—if I may use the term—of the foreign workmen, consisting of rows of log-huts, in which the men live for the time being.

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On a pay-day the crowd of work people constitute a real Babel, so diverse are their languages. During working hours this diversity is not much noticed, as the men work in gangs of the same nationality, according to their apti-

tude for different kinds of work. Sometimes disputes arise, which lead occasionally to serious quarrels, ending in broken heads and even knife-wounds. The total absence of a working population in the district renders it necessary to get the requisite labor from abroad. The Wallach, as a rule, is not a good laborer at any thing except field-work, more especially in the mountains of the Carpathian range, where the inhabitants are almost nomad in their habits and customs. They devote their whole time to the care of their flocks, and lead the life of shepherds. They calculate their wealth by the number of cattle, sheep, or swine they possess, and dispose of them only when their number exceeds the available pasturage or hay. In Summer they make hay or grow corn to feed the cattle in Winter, and when Spring comes they drive them up the mountains, and let them graze on the rich pastures of the sunny slopes of the Carpathians. The peasant takes his family with him, and all are busy watching the herds. Some have regular log-huts on the heights, where they live during the whole Summer; others seek a partial shelter under tents made of tree branches and leaves; very few come down to the valleys during the warm season, and do not see their homes for months. None remain below except the old and infirm; even women and girls join in the general exodus, and the villages are practically deserted.

In the middle of Summer the herds are grazing on the very tops of the hills, but as the weather gets colder they descend, clearing the slopes zone by zone of grass, and frequently leaving patches of land as bare as a gravel walk. The swine are particularly destructive in this respect, for they not only eat the herbage, but root up the surface of the land and leave it like a plowed field. I was told that the swine are often left up in the hills by themselves all the Winter. A certain proportion are lost, but the majority survive, for they are hardy animals, and these cost their owners nothing for keep during that time. As a rule the cattle are intrusted to the care of the women and girls, the sheep and swine to that of men and boys, who are assisted by a breed of most ferocious dogs. These animals have more the appearance of wolves than dogs, and woe to the unwary stranger who may happen to come within reach of their fangs; I believe he would be torn to pieces and devoured.

A few miles beyond Petrogeny, and quite at the head of the valley, lies the little village of Petrilla, which I visited on account of the interest attached to its neighborhood by the numerous indications left of the mining operations

supposed to have been carried on by the Romans. Nothing could be prettier than Petrilla, which is the very type of a Wallachian village. Built on the banks of the Szill, here a shallow and softly flowing stream, each cottage is surrounded by an orchard forming graceful clusters of fruit-trees, well fenced in by a curious but solid wicker paling.

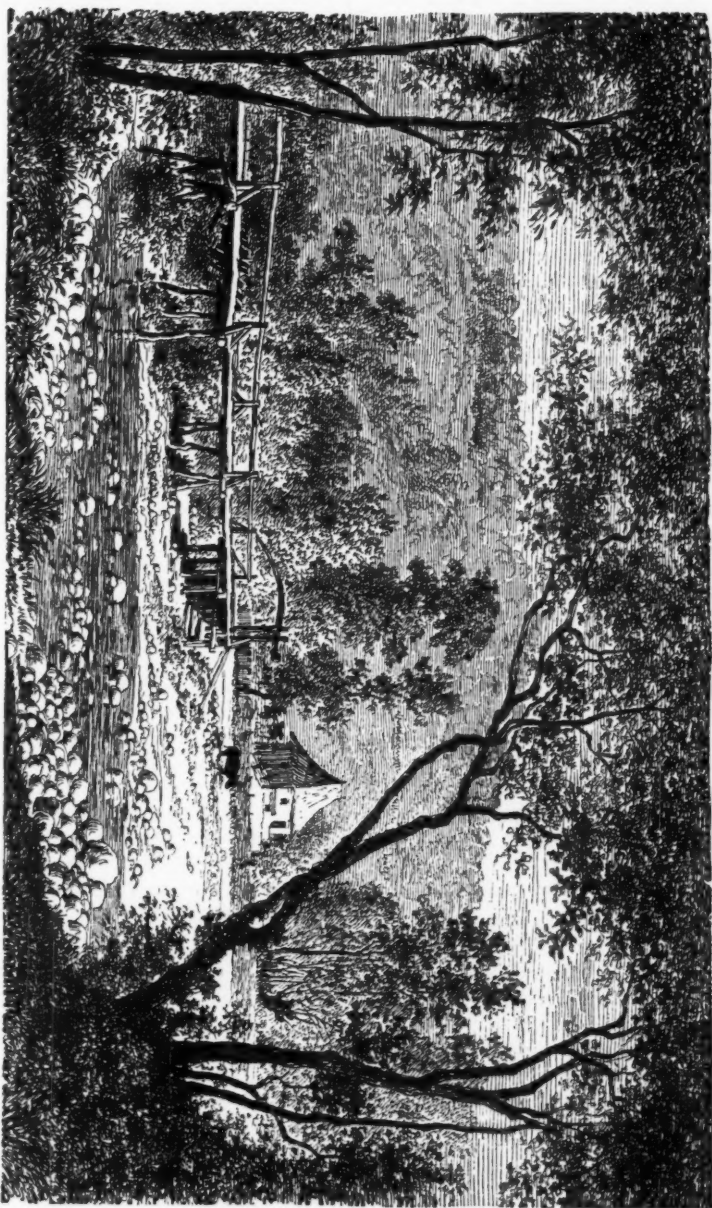
Stacks of hay and maize straw are built upon posts about six feet from the ground, or curiously fixed in the branches of the trees, and look like huge bee-hives from a distance. In the center of the village stands a small church, with its quaint wooden spire, and surrounded by the graveyard dotted over with carved wooden crosses, denoting the last resting-places of these children of Nature. The approach to Petrilla is by a truly rustic bridge—a plank carried over the stream on posts, with one or two props slanting like miniature buttresses into the water, and a slender hand-rail on one side. When I paid my visit the village was almost deserted, and many of the houses were completely closed and left without any supervision. The Wallachian has little to fear from his neighbors or professional robbers. His simple homestead offers no inducement to the marauder, for beyond the immediate necessities of existence he possesses but little. A bed, a bench, a rustic table, and a box to hold his simple chattels, complete the list of furniture. His fare is so simple that he requires but few cooking utensils, and these, in all probability, are taken up the hills. There is a peculiarity in the construction of the Wallachian peasant houses; they all have a veranda, either on one side of or entirely surrounding the building, and the kitchen is always a small detached hut, containing a baking oven and an open hearth, where the maize is warmed on a wood fire.

The veranda becomes the real habitation of the household, or as many as remain at home, during the Summer. Here they bring their beds, and sleep almost in the open air; and here the women sit and spin during the day, if not otherwise engaged; the children play about the steps, and the home-bred pig takes his siesta in the shady corner.

These little villages are not always as quiet and peaceful as Petrilla was the day I paid my visit. On a *fête* day, and there are many in the Greek calendar, the peasants assemble at the house of some farmer, who undertakes to keep a supply of wine and slievovitz for sale, and there give themselves up to reckless amusement. The shepherd boy comes down from the hill with his rustic pipe, a tube only a few inches long with four or five holes, out of which

he produces sounds which can scarcely be called melodious. The young people dance on the grass to the music, such as it is, while the old folk imbibe their wine and slievovitz, not without visible effect. There is a tone of mel-

ancholy in these gatherings peculiar to mountaineers and people so much accustomed to solitude. Their joy has none of the exuberance of the French or German peasants; they do not sing or skip about, or get lively over their



BRIDGE IN THE SZILL VALLEY.

wine, but quietly and slowly turn and turn about to the monotonous sound of the pipe, or sit seriously looking on and taking long draughts out of a bottle.

The parish priest, or *popa*, as he is called, plays a conspicuous part on these occasions. He is not distinguished by any peculiarity either of dress or manner; himself little better



than a peasant in point of education, he lives and thinks as one amid the flock under his charge. He generally has his farm like the others, and his parishioners show their respect for him and the Church by assisting him in his farming operations. He derives no income from the State, and is entirely dependent for subsistence on the gifts of the parishioners, the Church fees, and his own exertions. It is even said that sometimes the popa of a village works as a laborer during the week, and ascends his pulpit on Sundays to instruct his flock. The popas are ordained by their own bishops, who are nominated by the Emperor of Russia. They are greatly under the control of their superiors, and are most useful and important auxiliaries to the Russian Government. This applies not only to the Wallachians of the Carpathians, but to the whole principality of Roumania, where the lower orders belong exclusively to the Greek Church, and a large number of the Boyards also. In Transylvania the higher classes are nearly all Protestants. The Roman religion is represented by a part of the German settlers, and besides, there are numbers of Jews and Armenians. On the occasion of a village *fête* the popa is a sort of leader of the festivities; he encourages the dancers and settles the partners, has a word for each individual, and generally a glass of wine or a dram with every one.

The example he sets in this respect is not a good one; he is often the first to show the unsteady influence of the potent libations, and the peasants do not consider they have done their duty toward him unless he is carried home helpless. They say the popas encourage the holding of feast-days on account of the good cheer which falls to them on these occasions; in fact, the lower orders of the Greek clergy in Roumania and the neighboring provinces are extremely illiterate and uncultured. They are chosen by the parishioners from among themselves, sent as youths to some small seminary, where they are instructed in the forms of the religious rites and obtain a little knowledge of Latin. What little they learn is soon forgotten after they return to their native villages, and in a few years they sink to the level of the people they live among. Of the outer world and its doings they know nothing; they marry, christen, and bury their parishioners; work at their farms, drink slievovitz, and let the time pass on, satisfied to fulfill the simple routine duties of their office, without one thought above the occurrences of everyday existence. It is sad to see a people with so much intelligence and aptitude thus neglected and uncared for by those whose sacred office

gives them the opportunity—if, indeed, it does not imply the duty—of raising the ignorant above a level of barbarism and superstition.

It may be remarked that whenever a Church becomes a political institution as well as the exponent of a creed, it generally happens that the inferior clergy are appointed, not to instruct or improve their flocks, but to carry out the orders of the superior powers, and are considered merely as instruments placed in the hands of others who use them to further their own interests.

The simple Wallachians, however, know nothing of this; they venerate their popas as the representatives of the Deity on earth, dispensers of happiness or misery, according to the merits of the humble believers, and they endeavor to propitiate them according to their own crude and insufficient light. Their extreme faith in the great power of the priesthood is intermixed with an immense amount of superstition, which is rather encouraged than otherwise by the popas, who take advantage of it to play on the fears of their parishioners in order to gain their own ends. Indeed, the popas themselves are not quite free from erroneous opinions, and will gravely ascribe important events to the most trivial circumstances.

The population, as a rule, have an objection to the presence of strangers, or the introduction of any thing new among them. Of railways they have a special abhorrence, and they deem the locomotive to be a *Draco de foca*, that is, a "devil of fire." They gave the surveyors of the line now being constructed to the Szill Valley a very unpleasant reception, and it required a considerable amount of judicious management to get the line surveyed at all. One engineer informed me that he had been regularly attacked on one occasion by some women who were mowing in a field, and who had imagined that his theodolite was some dreadful invention of the evil one brought there to bewitch their cattle and blight their crops, and expected to find sterility and destruction wherever it was set up. They came round my informant brandishing their scythes and rakes, and clamoring violently. By the aid of his guide and assistant he was made to understand that they meant him no harm personally, but that the devil's machine must be at once removed out of their field. It was no use explaining, they would not understand; no use expostulating, they would not be convinced of the harmless nature of the instrument; and the engineer had to beat a retreat, with all his belongings.



With all their horror of new faces and new ways they are harmless; they want to be left alone, and are quite willing to leave others so; and although many cases of petty opposition to the construction of the line of railway are on record, not one is of a serious nature, and no one has been injured or maltreated. As a rule, they are very peaceable among themselves. Occasionally some dispute arises, particularly when they become excited at some festive gathering and the *slievovitz* is abundant, but it very seldom goes beyond high words; if any weapon is used it is only a stick, and such rows are easily quelled among them. It is not a rare sight to see two men wrangling fiercely at one moment, and at the next embracing each other. The police have an easy time among them, at least, as far as my personal observation enabled me to judge. They have, however, a bad reputation among their German neighbors, who believe them all to be thieves and untrustworthy. They relate an anecdote of one Wallachian, who was sent as a representative to a meeting of delegates from the provinces, at Vienna, and had the unamiable habit of always carefully carrying away the fork and spoon he had used at dinner, and who was discovered walking off from the Imperial Palace with the imperial plate in his pocket. This, if true, might have been an instance of exceptional kleptomania, but is very much more like an allusion to the habit prevalent among the people, of always carrying about with them their knives and forks, if they use any. I may safely say that I did not remark any great, or even small, thieving propensities among them, although I gave them ample opportunities of indulging them.

At Petrilla we put up our horses at a farmhouse, whose inhabitants were all very ill, this being the reason of their presence in the village at that time. The farmer was ill with inflammation in his ears, which caused him great pain, and for which he took as a remedy some fluid mercury, which he preserved in a quill, the one end of which was stopped up with wax. The trust these mountaineers place in the beneficial action of the fluid metal is as great as it is inexplicable, but there is among them an idea that all earthly ills may be conjured away by taking a few drops of this panacea. One would be inclined to ascribe the illness of the unfortunate farmer to the absorption of the remedy in too great quantities, rather than to any specific disease. His wife, also, was ailing, from something like fever, and I found her in the grave-yard which adjoined the orchard, lying among the long, rank grass which was growing round a grave-mound, silently suffering,

and patiently waiting for the time when she too would have to be laid in the cold ground below. It was not an appropriate resting-place for one so ill, yet she appeared to be unconscious of the mournful hue of her surroundings. Some one told her of the visitors, and she rose and staggered to the house to see that we were attended to by her two daughters. But after a very few words her strength failed, and drawing her covering of lambskin close round her, she asked to be assisted back to her sad couch. Why did this poor woman choose to rest among the graves of her departed friends? Was she thinking of the time, perhaps near, when she would meet them all again in another world, and did she suppose that their souls were hovering over the tombs and joining in prayers to welcome her among them?

While the farmer and his wife were thus unable to leave their homestead, the latter's father, an old man of nearly ninety years of age, was up among the mountains looking after the cattle. He came down to the farm to pay a visit of condolence to the young people while we were there, and a more vigorous, healthy man could not be seen, wiry though small, robust though thin, and as swift as a deer in spite of his great age. I was told that he was by no means an exception, and that many of the mountaineers live to a very advanced age, and preserve an extraordinary youthful vigor. I suspect that if any of them survive the hardships of their life, with its exposure, meager fare, and occasional doses of mercury, for, say, a period of fifty years, they may last for an unconscionable time. As a rule the people look healthy and vigorous, in spite of the very sallow complexion, which I could not help ascribing to the use of mercury, after I was informed of the wholesale manner in which they absorb it. The farmer was very voluble in explaining his ailments, and anxious to know if any of the strangers could give him relief from the acute pain he was suffering. We, however, were unable to assist him, and could do no more than express our sincere sympathy for him in his misfortune, and our hopes that he and his wife would soon be restored to health and strength. But we left him, with inward misgivings as to the final result of his illness, to ramble among the mounds of old debris that mark the site of the ancient gold-diggings of the Romans.

Transylvania is rich in the precious metal. There are many localities where it has been, and some where, at the present time, it is extracted. Nearly all the mountain streams in this part of the Carpathian range contain traces

of it, and some of the quartz beds appreciable quantities. But they do not appear to have been actively worked since the time of the Roman investment. It is strange that in many parts of Europe we stumble on old mineral workings, once on a time the scenes of active, and no doubt productive, employment, but now deserted and abandoned as worthless. Many of such old workings have been tried in recent times, but rarely with success. The little hillocks which abound in the vicinity of Petrilla have been lying undisturbed for centuries; they remain there like the grave-mounds of a departed industry.

It might be pertinently asked how it is that mineral ground could be worked to profit by the ancients, which at present, with all our scientific knowledge and appliances, we are unable to turn to advantage? And the answer would be difficult to find. Most probably the question of labor remuneration has much to do with it. The Romans, as a rule, employed slaves or prisoners of war as laborers in such undertakings, and it is needless to observe that with that class the question of pay was not considered, and that the employers enjoyed a complete immunity of danger from strikes, trades' unions, or workmen's combinations. Very probably the unfortunate aborigines of these valleys were forced to dig up the treasures of their own soil for the benefit of the invader, and the only material traces of the Roman occupation which remain in this secluded district are the numerous heaps of mineral refuse, left to reveal to after generations the power and energy of the nation that once had conquered the whole of Europe. Some day, perhaps, these silent dales may be turned again into active centers of industry, and the miner be once more engaged in turning gold out of the scraggy quartz of the mountains or the soft alluvium of the plains. Certain it is that indications of mineral wealth are abundantly met with on both sides of the range of the southern Carpathians, and nothing can explain the total want of investigation but the apathy or indifference of the Governments.

The old workings appear to have extended over a considerable area, but nothing of interest remains now to be seen beyond the mounds that denote the spots where the gravel or quartz was worked to extract the precious metal. We spent the afternoon roaming among these silent tokens of past eras of industry, and returned, toward evening, to our quarters at the Vulkan. But this time not to the miserable hostelry of the *contumes*, but to a comfortable farm-house in the neighborhood, where we found the com-

forts of cleanliness and good cheer to make amends for the unfavorable reception of the previous day. The farm in question was a considerable one, and its owner a man of mark in the valley. He was in advance of his neighbors in education, for he spoke German fluently, and had the walls of his house decorated with rude artistic attempts, in the shape of portraits of the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, and Louis Napoleon. He also possessed a few books, and the luxuries of modern civilization, such as table-linen, knives, forks, and spoons. His wife was an excellent cook, having served in that capacity in a German family in Karlsburg, and had a great idea of making her guests comfortable. We had here a sample of a well-to-do peasant-house in the district, and had every reason to congratulate the owner on his establishment, and ourselves at being its inmates.

The house was constructed in the usual way, with a veranda running along one side, overlooking the yard, and leading into the different rooms, the kitchen being located in a separate outhouse, and the yard thronged with poultry and pigs. The farmer, who was also a cattle-dealer, seemed much interested in the future prospects of the locality, in consequence of the development of its mineral resources, and appeared intelligent and well informed as to the progress of the different works. Having resided for some time in the German provinces of the empire, he was neither so ignorant nor so prejudiced as his neighbors, but still shared their strong attachment for the beautiful home Nature had provided for them, and sighed at the thought of the near invasion of grimy toilers, and the prospect of clouds of black smoke. But the utilitarianism of the age is relentless, and wherever man can derive an advantage from Nature he seizes on it even at the expense of the beautiful. After all, our stacks and pits are but a repetition of what the Romans and other, even older, nations did before, only we have at our disposal the accumulated knowledge and experience of centuries, and are able to make a little more noise and produce more smoke.

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HE who knows how to make persons around him, wherever he goes, happy; he who knows how to do it at morning, and noon, and night; he who knows how to make love his uniform disposition; he who knows how to radiate sympathy, and gentleness, and kindness, and forbearance, and patience, toward others, and make men feel richer for his being with them—he has the critical test of piety.

## ROMISH SCHOOLS.

ROMANISM is unquestionably antagonistic to the institutions of this country. Say what we may in extenuation of its polity and practices, we can not be blind to this fact. We propose in this article to discuss one feature of its machinery—its schools. The schools of the State and the schools of a Church, in their character and teachings, determine pretty certainly what the State and Church are. Hence the duty of the State in reference to the right education of its children; and a Church ambitious for power can but see the absolute necessity of laying hold of this instrumentality, and working it most thoroughly, in order to the accomplishment of its specific designs; and upon the same principle a Church, honestly seeking to glorify God and build up the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, must, in self-defense, as well as for purposes of aggression and ultimate victory, put this powerful instrumentality of the school under contribution to reach these ends.

If we can not depend upon the State to educate the youth of the country religiously as well as intellectually, then the Churches, in the very nature of things, must be charged with this duty. It is simply folly to say that the family and the Sabbath-school are competent to this work; many families are irreligious, and many children are out of the range of Sabbath-schools, or do not, or will not, attend them; and if they do, the brief space of time given to Sabbath-school instruction can not be sufficient in the great majority of cases, to give a religious bent to the minds and hearts of the children. Both of these instrumentalities are, with the blessing of God, greatly efficient in the conversion and salvation of our youth. But every instrumentality must be brought to Christ, and imbued with his spirit, and go forward under his direction. The Christian public is derelict beyond palliation if it fails or refuses to consecrate all the agencies within its control to Christ and his kingdom. He is the originator of all things, and by him all things consist. If we refuse to honor him, if we refuse to enshrine him in all our work and enterprises, he will refuse us and deny us.

We are not about to say that the Catholic Church has no right to establish denominational schools. She has, and so has every Church the right. We have to speak of the motives which underlie their establishment, and of their intellectual and moral results. The common-sense view is this: that the Romish Church organizes and carries forward its schools in

order to propagate its faith, and extend its influence. If it were a true Christian Church, aiming to show forth Christ in all of its polity and ordinances, its energy would be the admiration of the world, and not a genuine Christian would be found to lift up his voice against her, without stopping to discuss what will be granted; namely, that the Romish Church has drifted into error, and formalism, and gross sins; that civil and ecclesiastical power is the one permeating aim of all her institutions and plans.

We say, in the *first place, that her schools are the main popular agency upon which she depends for the propagation of her faith, and the multiplication of her agencies.* To prove this, we prefer, in the outset, to give some statistics, compiled from her own publications.

First, as to her parochial schools.

The archdiocese of New York comprises the city and county of New York, and the counties south of the forty-second degree north latitude, except those on Long Island. We will take the parochial schools of the city as reported, *fifty-one* in number; the average attendance for the year 1871 was 23,046 pupils. In the archdiocese of Cincinnati, which comprises that part of the State lying south of the northern line of Mercer, Allen, and Hardin counties, west of the eastern line of Marion, Union, and Madison counties, and all west of the Scioto River, to the Ohio River, sixty-three parochial schools are reported, with an average attendance of 23,407 pupils; there are one hundred and three schools in the diocese, which, in the same ratio, would give an average attendance of 33,372 pupils. These two classes of statistics will be sufficient to indicate that the parochial schools of this Church number thousands, and that the pupils number hundreds of thousands.

Why, now, this immense expenditure of money and effort to build up and sustain these schools, in the presence of the grand fact that the State provides common school instruction for all the youth of the land, and freely invites all to participate in their advantages? The answer is at hand. The common schools can not be, and, of course, ought not to be prostituted to the purposes of the Romish Church. This Church would not be satisfied with the public schools as now organized and constituted, even if the Bible were excluded, for the very good reason that they would be still the offspring of the State, and under the general management of Protestants and Protestant school boards. The exclusion of the Bible, and the division of the public moneys, are *mere pretexts* in order to the total destruction of the public school system.

This system is the grand bulwark against the further advances of the Romish Church. It is right in its way. It must be annihilated, and the central forces of that Church are massed against it, and until hope of success dies out these forces will remain shoulder to shoulder, and their numbers will be increased, every strategy will be tried, and nothing will be left undone to carry this stronghold of opposition. Let the defenders of the public school yield not another inch. Compromise has been the order until we have well-nigh, if not altogether, compromised God and Christ out of these schools; they are now in the centers of population only nominally Christian. Many of the principals of these schools are infidels or Papists. There are far too few active, professed Christian men in these positions.

Why, I ask, put Christ in the background? Is he not worthy? Is he so justly obnoxious and questionable as to his claims that we must needs permit him to be set aside? We know he is a stone of stumbling to many, but is he to us who believe in him? Is he not rather the power of God unto our salvation? Will we take upon us the terrific responsibility of consenting to be silent about Christ in our public schools? Will we vote that his name shall not be mentioned, and his claims shall not be urged upon the young and impressible minds of the children in these schools, only as it shall be occasionally read in the Bible by some one, who reads it under protest, and with bated breath, lest forthwith he shall be dislodged from his position?

I know it is urged that the Christian religion is a sectarian religion; that other religions, with Christ left out, have equal claim to public recognition and public confidence. This we deny. The religion of Christ is the religion of God. For God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. There is no sectarianism in this. We can only stop now to ask, How can we who owe all to Christ, who believe that all genuine American institutions are based upon Christ as the corner-stone; that this Government is emphatically a Christian Government; that its very life is a constant comment upon the divinity of Christ—how can we now allow Rationalists, and Papists, and Jews to throw their banners to the breeze from the tops of our public schools, these grandest monuments of the latest and best civilization of the world, while the banner of the cross, the emblem of all we hold dear on earth, and the inspiration of all we anticipate in heaven, is allowed to trail in the dust and be cast out as evil? Let us beware lest the judgments of an offended God are

poured out upon us because of our defection and cowardice. As further proof of the proposition laid down in the beginning of this article, we call attention,

Secondly, to the colleges, and especially to the academies for young ladies instituted by the Romish Church. There are about one hundred and fifty of the former, and two hundred and fifty of the latter in this country. There are reports given from sixty-six of the colleges, and from one hundred and twelve of the young ladies' academies. In the sixty-six colleges there are seven hundred and thirty professors, and three hundred and twelve priests, and 10,669 students. The same ratio of attendance for the one hundred and fifty would swell the number of pupils to 24,300.

In the one hundred and twelve ladies' schools there are 1,113 teachers, and 2,383 sisters employed in the instruction of 22,176 pupils. The same ratio of attendance for the two hundred and fifty schools for young ladies would make the number of pupils 50,000, and the total in the colleges and academies 74,300. A large number of the boys and young men in the colleges are from Protestant families. But we propose, in the further consideration of this part of the educational work of this Church, to turn our attention to the academies for young ladies, or, in other words, to the convents of the Romish Church; and we beg our readers to give candid and prayerful thought to this part of our subject.

Said Bishop Coxe, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in an article in the *Independent* some time ago: "Again I appeal to my countrymen who are endowing convents, schools, and virtually establishing this system in some of our populous cities—I ask, in the name of the God of truth, is it not time to wake up to our daily increasing perils? I am not an alarmist. If our people will but bestir themselves the danger is yet trifling; it may be easily overcome. But, on the other hand, the days of our liberty, and happiness, and peace are numbered if we prove indifferent and supine in the face of bold and organized Romish aggression. Divine Providence works no miracles in behalf of nations who will not be instructed by lessons of history; who lay the torpid viper on their hearths, and refuse to protect their children when he repays the benefit by menacing them with his fangs."

That there has been but little if any waking up on this subject since the above was written let the facts attest. According to the above calculation, upon a basis furnished by the publications of Catholicism, there are to-day at least



two hundred and fifty schools or convents for young ladies in this country, and 50,000 pupils are in attendance. It is entirely safe, I think, to say that one-half of this number are from Protestant families, or families not in sympathy with the propagandism of the Romish Church. In some of these schools three-fourths, and in one case we know of, four-fifths were from Protestant families. But if our reasoning proceeds upon the fraction one-half, there are 25,000 young women in these schools who are being manipulated, as adroitly as human ingenuity can invent, in the interests of the Romish Church.

While I was preparing this article a lady called upon me and said, "What are your charges per annum, for young girls, in your institution? I have a daughter in a convent. I was obliged to place her somewhere, as I have no home at present, but it has lately come to my ears that my little daughter wants to be a Catholic. When I placed her there a short time ago she said she would not be a Catholic for any thing, and wanted me to have her baptized before she went; and then they promised me they would not interfere with her religiously in the least, and now I hear this, and I am very much troubled about it."

This is only a true instance representing thousands similar to it, until it has come to be an acknowledged truth, that seven-tenths of all Protestant girls who enter these schools actually become perverts to this Church. Said parents to me some months ago in Chicago, who had two daughters in a convent in the State of Indiana, "O, we would not leave our daughters in this school for a moment if we did not think they were perfectly safe." I replied, Of course you would not, but this assurance you seem to have should lead you into a careful examination of the facts in the case.

Says a pastor of one of the Churches in Rochester, "We have in Rochester 'The Convent of the Sacred Heart,' at which many young ladies of Protestant families are being educated, with the stipulation that their religion will not be interfered with. But Protestant girls as well as Catholics are forbidden to attend any religious service, even on the Sabbath, outside the convent. Those whose parents reside in the city are made no exception to this rule. They are not allowed to go even where their own parents worship. Their only resource is the convent chapel." Said one of his own flock who was placed there: "I find it very difficult to practice my own religion. In order to pray in secret and read my Bible by myself, I am obliged daily to disobey the rules. About thirty

young ladies lodge in the room where I sleep, and we are barely allowed time to undress and get into bed, when a 'sister' comes through to see that all is right. I get up in the dark after she has gone through, and kneel down and pray. *They seem to try to make us forget our own religion as much as possible.* For a time I yielded and gave up my Bible and prayer, but lately I have done as I described. Since Lent came in seven pictures have been hung on each side of the chapel, and in coming in we are expected to kneel before each one in turn, on our way to the altar, while they pray to the Virgin. This is called 'the way to the cross.' The prayers are mostly for souls in purgatory. Several of us Protestants respectfully declined kneeling to the pictures, and were reprimanded for it in the chapel. Then we were taken into a room by ourselves and talked to severely. *I have to use great effort to restrain their influences."*

It can not be otherwise than that young girls thus surrounded, thus confined to routine duties, accompanied by all the arts of the warmest apparent affection on the part of the sisters, should be proselyted from the religion of their parents to this religion of ceremony and error, or have their minds poisoned against the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. The aim is either to win them over to the Romish Church, or set them against the Protestant Church. One of these results is reached in the case of nearly every young lady coming under the influence of conventual life and education.

Will not the Protestant Church and Protestant people wake up to the realization of this fearful state of things? Will not those parents who have been carelessly and thoughtlessly committing their immortal treasures to these blasting influences open their eyes before their daughters are lost to them forever, and lost for all eternity? I know some Protestants, careless about the souls of their children, think only of certain supposed advantages of these schools over their own, and seduced into the belief that there will be no interference with the religious convictions of their children—which profession ought to be the most certain evidence that there will be interference, or their whole history is belied—they send their children by the thousands, and are enlightened only too late to find the minds of their children captivated and won beyond reclamation. The supposed advantages referred to above will constitute the subject of another article; for if the advantages are merely suppositional, the sooner unsuspecting parents know the truth the better, in order that they may speedily withdraw them.

## PARROTS.

**P**ARROTS have large, strong, and round beaks; the upper mandible strongly hooked and sharp at the extremity, extending beyond the lower, which is rather deeply hollowed. The tongue, which is thick, fleshy, and movable, is terminated by a cluster of sinewy papillæ, or by a cartilaginous gland. The tarsi are very short, and the feet perfected to such a degree that they really become hands, able to seize, hold, and retain small objects. Their toes are supplied with strong and hooked claws, which make these birds pre-eminently climbers. With the exception of one single species—the Loriets (*Platycercina vigorsia*, Sw.)—which have rather long tarsi and straight claws, enabling them to run with some rapidity, the parrots, on the contrary, walk with difficulty. They drag along the ground with such trouble that they rarely descend to it, and only under pressing circumstances. Besides, they find all the necessities of their existence on trees. They are not more favored with regard to their flight, and we can understand that it should be so; for, living in thick woods, they only require to effect trifling changes of place, such as from one tree to another. However, some species, especially the smaller, are capable of a more

prolonged and effective use of their wings. According to Levaillant, some even emigrate, and travel hundreds of miles every year; but this is an exception. In general, parrots are sedentary, and willingly remain in localities without a desire to leave.

Sociable in their dispositions, they assemble in more or less numerous bands, and make the forests re-echo with their loud cries. To some species it is such an imperative necessity to be near each other and live in common, that they have received from naturalists the name of Inseparables. At breeding-time each couple isolate themselves for the purpose of reproduction. The male and female evince the greatest attachment to each other. The females deposit their eggs in the hollows of trees and in the crevices of rocks. The young birds are quite naked when hatched; it is not till the end of three months that they are completely covered with feathers. The parent birds wait upon them with the greatest solicitude, and become threatening when approached too closely by intruders.

Essentially frugivorous, parrots prefer the fruits of the palm, banana, and guava trees. They may be seen perched upon one foot, using the other to bear the food to their beaks, and retain it there till eaten. After they have extracted the kernel they free it from its envelope

and swallow it in particles. They often visit plantations and cause great devastation. In a domestic state they are omnivorous. Besides seeds and grain, they eat bread, and even raw or cooked meat, and it is with manifest pleasure that they receive bones to pick; they are also very partial to sugar. It is well known that bitter almonds and parsley act upon them as violent poisons. They drink and bathe very frequently; in Summer they evince the greatest desire to plunge into water. Captive parrots will habituate themselves, if permitted, to the use of wine; it produces the same effect on them as on the human family, namely, excites their loquacity and gayety. They climb in a peculiar manner, which has nothing of the abruptness displayed by other birds of the same order. They accomplish their slow and irregular movements by the help of the beak and feet, which lend a



THE ARA MACAW (*Macrocercus* [Sw.] *araranna*, from Brazilian name)

reciprocal support. Like almost all birds of tropical regions, parrots are adorned with most beautiful colors, green predominating; then comes red, and finally blue and yellow. They have often largely developed tails.



RINGED PAROQUET (*Palaornis torquatus*, Vig.)

Notwithstanding their prattling, parrots are the favorites of men, from their remarkable talent of imitation. They retain and repeat with great facility words which they have learned or heard by chance, and also sometimes imitate, with startling resemblance, the cries of animals, the sounds of different musical instruments, etc.

By the words that they utter in an unexpected manner, parrots contribute to our amusement and diversion, and quite become companions. Is it, then, to be wondered at that these birds have been eagerly sought since their introduction into Europe? Alexander the Great brought into Greece a parrot which he had found in India. These birds became so common in Rome at the time of the emperors, that they figured in their sumptuous repasts. They are now spread throughout Europe and America in a domestic state.

The species most remarkable for their mimic babbling faculties are the gray parrot, or Jaco, a native of Africa, and the green parrot, from the West Indies and Tropical America.

In the sixteenth century a cardinal paid a hundred crowns for a parrot because it recited the Apostles' Creed correctly. Monsieur de la Borde relates that he has seen a parrot supply the place of chaplain to a ship, for he recited the prayer and rosary to the sailors. Levaillant

heard a parrot say the Lord's Prayer lying on its back, placing together the toes of its feet as we join our hands in the act of prayer. Willoughby mentions a parrot which, when he said to him, "Laugh, parrot!" immediately burst out laughing, and cried out an instant after, "O, the great fool who made me laugh!" A keeper of a glass shop possessed one which, whenever he broke any thing or knocked over a vase, invariably exclaimed, in tones of anger, "Awkward brute! he never does any thing else."

"We have seen a parrot," says Buffon, "which had grown old with his master, and partaken with him the infirmities of age. Accustomed to hear little more than the words, 'I am ill,' when asked, 'How are you, parrot—how are you?' 'I am ill,' it replied in doleful tones, 'I am ill,' and stretching itself on the hearth—'I am ill.'" "A parrot from Guinea," says the same author, "being taught on the journey by an old sailor, learned his rough voice and his cough so perfectly that they could be mistaken. Although it had been given immediately after to a young person, and only heard his voice, it did not forget the lessons of its former master, and nothing was so agreeable as to hear it pass from a sweet and pleasant voice to its old hoarseness and the cough of early times."



LOVE-BIRDS (*Psittacula krameri*, Gould.)

Goldsmith relates that a parrot belonging to King Henry VIII, and always confined in a chamber bordering upon the Thames, had

learnt several phrases which it heard repeated by the boatmen and passengers. One day it was let fall into the Thames, when it cried with a strong voice, "A boat! a boat! twenty pounds to save me!" A waterman immediately threw himself into the river, thinking that some one was drowning, and was much surprised to find it was only a bird. Having recognized the king's parrot, he carried it to the palace, claiming the recompense the bird had promised when in distress. The circumstance was related to Henry VIII, who laughed much, and paid it with a good grace.

The Prince Léon, son of the Emperor Basil, having been condemned to death by his father,

such doleful and supplicating accents, that the indignant passers-by entered unexpectedly into the shop, and reproached the rope-maker with his barbarity. He justified himself by showing his parrot, and relating the history of his neighbor's child. After some months the woman, pursued by the accusing phrase and the murmurs of public opinion, was obliged to sell her business and leave the village."

The Marquis of Langle, in his "Travels in Spain," writes thus: "I saw at Madrid, at the English Consul's, a parrot which has retained a quantity of things—an incredible number of stories and anecdotes—which it retails and articulates without hesitation. It spoke Spanish, murdered French, knew some verses of Racine, could say grace, repeat the fable of the crow, and count thirty louis. They dared scarcely hang its cage at the windows; for when it was there, and the weather was fine, the parrot talked ceaselessly. It said every thing it knew, apostrophized all passers-by (except women), and talked politics. In pronouncing the word Gibraltar it burst out laughing. One would think it was a man who laughed."

An English gentleman bought a gray parrot in Bristol, the intelligence of which was quite extraordinary. It asked for every thing it wanted, and gave orders; it sang several songs, and whistled some airs very well, beating the measure. When it made a false note it recommenced, and never committed the mistake again.

Parrots imitate not only the words, but even the gestures of those with whom they come in contact. Scaliger knew one which repeated the songs of some young Savoyards, and imitated their dances.

These birds are more or less susceptible of education. Some, naturally peaceable, are easily tamed; others, more refractory, submit to captivity unwillingly. In general, when they are taken young they attach themselves strongly to those who have care of them.

Parrots have a mania for using their beaks upon every thing that comes in their way. When engaged against their will they utter loud cries, and sometimes turn their fury upon the bars of their prison. They have been known to pluck and even tear themselves in these paroxysms. Supplying them with a plaything is the only means of keeping them quiet under such circumstances.

These climbers are endowed with remarkable longevity. The "Memorandums of the Academy of Sciences of Paris" mention a parrot that lived in the family of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in



GRAY PARROTS (*Psittacus erythacus*, Sw.)

owed his life to his parrot, which, in repeating the lamentable accents several times, "Alas! my master Léon!" ended by touching the heart of this barbarous father. M. Lemaout says: "In a town of Normandy a butcher's wife beat her child unmercifully every day. The infant sank under the ill-treatment. The justice of man made no remonstrance, but a gray parrot which lived in the house of a rope-maker, opposite to that of the butcher, took upon itself the chastisement of this unnatural mother. It continually repeated the cries which the poor child uttered when he saw his mother rush at him with the rod in her hand, 'What for? what for?' This phrase was uttered by the bird with



Florence, more than a hundred and ten years. Vieillot speaks of having seen one near Bordeaux which was eighty-four years of age. The average length of their life can not, however, be exactly ascertained.

The family of parrots comprises four principal groups—the macaws, paroquets, parrots properly speaking, and cockatoos.

The macaws, the largest of the parrots, are recognizable from their bare cheeks and long tapering tails. They inhabit South America, and are arrayed in the most brilliant colors. The principal species are the red, the blue, the green, and the black macaws. The name arara, by which they are known in their habitat—Brazil—describes the deafening cries which they utter. Very familiar, they tame easily, and do not abuse the liberty granted them, for they never move far from their dwelling-place, and always return to it. They like the caresses and attentions of people they know, but do not care for strangers. The green ara is remarkable for its aversion to children. This peculiarity doubtless arises from the fact that it is very jealous, and that it often sees children receive the caresses of its mistress. The macaws have only the gift of imitation in a slight degree; they are scarcely able to retain any words, and articulate badly.

Paroquets, much smaller than macaws, have, like them, long and tapering tails, but their cheeks are wholly or partially feathered. Some species, which resemble the preceding group by being more or less destitute of plumage round the eyes, for this reason have received the name of macaw-paroquets. Paroquets are highly esteemed for their vivacity, gentleness, and the facility with which they learn to talk. Their plumage is generally of a uniform green; sometimes it is varied with

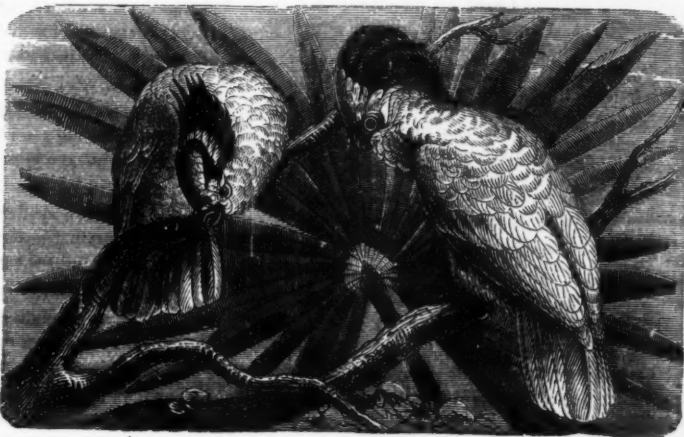


GREEN PARROT (*Psittacus amazonicus*, Briss.)

red or blue. They inhabit South America, the islands of Oceanica, the Indies, Africa, and Senegal.

The Tabuan or King's parrot (*Platycercus scapulatus*, Vig.), which inhabits Australia, belongs to this group. These birds form a curious exception in the order of climbers by their terrestrial habits. According to M. J. Verreaux, they never perch when pursued, but take refuge on the ground among the herbage.

Parrots, properly speaking, are distinguished from other groups of the same family by their short, square tails. They have feathered cheeks like paroquets, and their size is intermediate between them and the aras. They are much appreciated on account of their memory, and also for their habit of repeating what they hear. Parrots are divided into several species, founded upon the size and the predominating color of the plumage. The first of these is generally



SULPHUR COCKATOOS (*Cacatua sulphurea*, Wood)

gray, and consists only of the gray parrot, or jaco, indigenous to the west coast of Africa, to which the chief part of the anecdotes recounted in the preceding pages relate. Next comes a species the plumage of which is green; the most remarkable of these is the Amazonian parrot. The principal color of the lorries is red; they inhabit the Moluccas and New Guinea. Love-birds are the smallest of this group; their color varies according to the climates. They are met with in America, Southern Africa, and the islands of Oceanica.

Cockatoos have tails of medium length, cheeks feathered, and head surmounted by a white, yellow, or pink tuft, which they can raise and lower at will. They are the largest among the race of parrots of the Old Continent. They inhabit the Indies and the isles of Oceanica, and are pretty, graceful, docile, and caressing, but are indifferent talkers. One very remarkable species of this group is the *microglosse*—little tongue—called by Levaillant the “macaw with the trumpet,” from the formation of its tongue, which is cylindrical, and terminated by a little gland slightly hollowed at the extremity. When this bird has reduced into fragments, by the help of its jaws, the kernels of the fruits which form its nourishment, it seizes the pieces by means of the hollow which terminates the tongue, and having tried the flavor, projects the trumpet in front, and makes it pass to the palate, which has the function of causing it to fall into the throat.

#### WATER, BLESSED WATER.

SPARKLING,  
And darkling,  
And flashing adown the hill-side gray,  
Dancing,  
And glancing,  
Ripples the rill in its revel and play.  
Merrily bounding,  
A glad chorus sounding,  
Hymning the praise of the glorious Giver—  
Here quietly sleeping,  
There o'er the rocks leaping,  
Dashes the rivulet on to the river.  
“Green grow the rushes,”  
Where the bright river flushes  
Goldenly fair in the light of the sun;  
When far in the west  
He sinks to his rest,  
Curtained with light and the glad day is done.  
And the wavelets catch the gleaming  
Of the morning's sunny beaming,  
And they answer it, reflecting back to heaven a myriad suns;

And the dawn-lights leap and quiver  
On the bosom of the river,  
Glorifying all its waters with their crowning benisons.

Onward sweeps the rapid river!  
Little reck its waters whither;  
Now through wild and rocky gorges,  
Now by sounding mills and forges,  
Now through meadows green with grasses,  
With a low, sweet chime it passes.  
Where the willows hide its edges,  
And the birds build in the sedges,  
And the tender blossoms woo it,  
And the breezes whisper to it.

Now the river broadens, deepens,  
As it pulses with the motion,  
Nearing and forever nearing  
To the restless, surging ocean,  
Blending with it evermore—  
Lost amid its rush and roar.

O, the light billows play on the rocks of the shore!  
And the white foam and spray leaps the hoary crags  
o'er.

And the surf-beats, in musical rhythm, keep time  
To the chant of the billows, in magical chime.  
Know ye the rune that the wild waves say,  
As they break on the headlands, old and gray?  
What the crags say, as we wander at will,  
Into each cranny and cleft of the hill?  
Happy old crags, that rest here for aye,  
Kissed by the waves in their rhythmical play!  
Far to the eastward the white sails move,  
’Twixt the ocean blue and the blue above.  
And the rocks, and breezes, and sunshine say,  
“Haste o'er the waters—away! away!”  
The ripples that break on the stones of the beach,  
Retreating as quickly just out of our reach,  
Dashing our feet with a shower of spray,  
Echo the song and murmur, “Away!”  
O, for the wings of a sea-gull, to soar  
Where never a bird-form has rested before!  
To be borne far out on the breezes gay,  
Till we catch the light from the gates of day!  
To follow the waves in their limitless roll  
From the southern cross to the northern pole.

Join we then the grand old choral,  
Sounding since the world began,  
Praise to the glorious Giver,  
For his precious gift to man.

Praise him for the sparkling water,  
Gleaming in the grassy dell,  
Rushing in the mighty river,  
Heaving in the ocean swell.

Not with poison gases blended,  
Burning from the deathly still;  
But it gushes purely, clearly  
Forth from each glad fount and rill.

Soothing every fevered pulse-beat,  
Pledging friendships warm and true,  
Such is water, blessed water,  
Ever wondrous, ever new.

## THE CONSECRATION OF CHILDREN.

THE beautiful and impressive ordinance of baptism has been laid by the Redeemer at the door of his visible kingdom, appointed by him as the initiating rite by which all his disciples should be inducted into his Church. In view of the relation of children to his redeeming sacrifice, and the influence of his atonement and intercession on human nature even in childhood, he has extended the application of this ordinance to children, and has provided for them a place in his Church. If we look upon this ordinance as a mere formal induction of an individual into the visible Church, without any reference to a spiritual import, or if we view it in its application to childhood as a mere external rite, or act of christening, or unmeaning ceremony occurring in the ordinary routine of a parent's duty, we can see in it but little beauty and no great significance, in its relation to the Christian life. Certainly not a significance commensurate with the solemnity of its institution, or with the prominent position it occupies as a holy sacrament, or with the apparent importance attached to it by the apostles and early disciples of our Lord. But when we look upon it as an outward divinely appointed sign of an inward grace, as the visible line of demarkation between the members of the household of faith, and those who are strangers to the covenant of mercy, as a solemn espousal of the Gospel of Christ, and a self-dedication of the individual to God, in which he avows his belief of the Gospel, his faith and hope in our Lord and Savior, and his solemn purpose to renounce the world and live henceforth to the honor of Him who loved him and gave himself for him, we see in it one of the most beautiful and significant ordinances of the Christian Church, worthy to stand side by side with the holy eucharist, constituting together the only two sacraments of the Church of Christ. And when we apply it with this significance to the case of childhood, and see in it a recognition, on the part of the Church and on the part of the parent, of the spiritual relation of the child to the world's Redeemer, and an outward sign of the inward gracious influences of the Divine Spirit imparted even to childhood, which, under the developing influences of the Christian Church and Christian family, may be expanded into a real divine life, and an act of solemn dedication of the child to God, in which the parent avows his faith in the Redeemer, his hope in Christ for the salvation of his offspring, and assumes the duties of the parental relation, and a consecration in which the Church receives

the child to her tender embrace, and throws around it her saving and sanctifying influences, we see in it not a mere form of but little importance, but one of the most solemn acts of duty incumbent on the Christian parent, and one of the most momentous events in the life of the child.

It is with such views we would have Christian parents dedicate their children to God. The baptism of our children should be to us an act of solemn consecration, and not a mere unmeaning form; it should be so understood by the parent, and so recognized by the Church—an act deliberately entered upon by the parent, intelligently understood, and approached with prayer, with a high appreciation of the significance of the event, as a solemn setting apart of those most dear to us, for the service and the mercies of God, and with a conscientious purpose of training them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Baptism, when rightly understood, is not the giving of a name to the child, but a giving of the child to God; not a sign of what it may become in the future, but a sign of what it is, as redeemed of the Lord and an heir of heaven; not the expression of a hope that in riper years it may be converted and saved, but an expression of the belief that it is redeemed by Christ, and that under the divinely appointed instrumentalities of the Christian family and Christian Church, it may be made to grow up in the knowledge of God and in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Children thus solemnly and conscientiously consecrated to God, will be accepted by him. He has made provision for the reception of them into his Church, a sure evidence that they are by himself received into his favor and love. The Scriptures abound in examples of such specific dedication of children to God, and in all the examples presented to us, we find such children growing up in the knowledge and favor of God. It would be both interesting and instructive to examine in detail some of these Scriptural illustrations of the principles of which we are speaking; but we can only name the striking examples presented in the case of Joseph, Moses, Samson, Samuel, David, John the Baptist, Timothy, etc. And the history of the Church, too, abounds in instances in which, where Christian parents have thus brought their offspring to the Lord, and in a solemn act of consecration have devoted them to the service of God, the consecration has been accepted of the Lord—he has taken them into his holy care and keeping, they have grown up in the bosom of the Church, and have become emi-

nent in her service. Indeed, this early dedication to God, and this early, earnest, and conscientious religious training, are prominent circumstances in the lives of most of the devoted and illustrious servants of the Church of God. Yea, it must be so, unless we are prepared to reduce infant baptism to a mere form, and to ignore in actual practical life the Gospel doctrine of the participation of children in the redeeming work of Christ. Give these little ones to God—bring these lambs of the flock into the Christian fold—and the Great Shepherd will throw around them his everlasting arms, “and carry them in his bosom.”

Perhaps one of the greatest evils of many Christian families, and of the Christian Church at the present day, is the neglect of this solemn consecration, and the overlooking of the significance of this holy ordinance, and the divine law of infant membership in the Church. The consequences of this neglect are painfully apparent in many localities. Is it not a legitimate result of it, that so many of the children of professing Christians are lost to the Church, and grow up estranged from her holy institutions? Is it not for the want of these marked and deep religious impressions made in childhood, for the want of deep and earnest exhibitions of household piety, for the want of the nurturing care of the Church and the continued manifestation of her interest in the welfare of her children, that the claims of God and the Church sit so loosely on the children of Christian parents, and so many of them grow up indifferent to religion, and are captivated and carried away by the follies, and fashions, and vices of the world?

This want of consecration to God, and of deep religious impressions made in childhood, is not only an evil, but a growing evil in the Church in many localities. Parents are becoming culpably indifferent to this holy ordinance of baptism. Some neglect it for the most trivial excuses, and whole families of the children of professing Christians grow up without even this formal dedication to Christ. Others avail themselves of it as a mere religious form, without comprehending its true significance as the first step in initiating their children into the Church of God, to be followed by the most careful religious culture and discipline. And yet we wonder and complain that so many of our children grow up in indifference, and are carried away by the vices of the world. We ignore a holy ordinance of divine institution—we overlook and neglect the beautiful and efficient provision which divine love and wisdom have made for the moral growth and culture

of our children, and yet wonder that so many of them grow up godless, and are not saved. We do not sow, yet we are surprised that there is no harvest. We will not train the young vine, yet wonder why it does not cling to the great oak, and entwine its tendrils among its strong branches for safety and support.

But the duty of the Christian parent does not end with the mere act of dedicating his child to God in the ordinance of baptism. This, indeed, is but the first great step in the process of a continued and earnest religious culture—a public recognition of the moral and immortal nature of the child, an avowal of faith in his relation to the redeeming work of Christ and the Church of God—a bringing of the child into contact with the vital and preserving influences of the Church, and an assumption of the duties of the Christian parent. God has not only constituted our children a vital part of his organic Church, but he has made them moral beings, with natures tenderly impressible, and susceptible of moral growth and education. And while he has made it our privilege to bring them into the Church and thus secure for them the benefits and influences of a vital Christianity, he has also made it our personal duty to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The consecration of children to God, implies subsequent religious culture. If the baptism of our children has any religious significance, it certainly looks forward to the moral discipline of the child, both on the part of the Church and of the parent, just as the baptism of an adult and his formal reception into the visible Church, secures to him the nurturing and developing influences of that Church, under which we expect him to grow in grace and increase in the knowledge and love of God. If, as we understand it, the giving of this sacred Christian ordinance to the child is an important event in his religious history, separating him for the service of God, ingrafting him as a tender scion into the living vine of Christianity, then the very act of such consecration is an assumption on the part of the parent of the duty of watching over and training the tender bud, so that it may live and grow into a strong and fruitful branch.

Nor needs the Christian parent be startled at the consequences, and endeavor to evade the weight of obligation and duty which he seems to bring upon himself, by withholding from his child this act of consecration. Refusing to assume these duties does not release us from our obligation. A voluntary dedication of our offspring to God in the beautiful ordi-



nance which he has instituted, and a conscientious assumption of the sacred duties of the parental relation, is a noble act and acceptable to God. But a selfish evasion of our responsibilities and a guilty refusal to bring our children to God in a sacred dedication, while they render us offensive in the sight of God, effect nothing toward releasing us from the weight of responsibility and duty as parents. Thou art a parent—*therefore* it is thy duty to give the most careful religious culture to thy children. Thou hast been the means of bringing young immortal and moral beings into life—*therefore* it is thy duty to train them for God and eternity. Thou art the originator of young, ignorant, helpless, thoughtless beings, yet moral and immortal germs, that must expand and grow, and enter in future years a life of moral probation, the results of which involve the vast interests of an endless life—*therefore* it is thy duty to watch over the growth and development of those tender lambs with the deepest interest, and cultivate and direct their growth, so that they may enter upon their probation under the most advantageous circumstances. The parental relation imposes these duties upon you; the nature and immortal destinies of your child demand them at your hand. If you would evade them, cease to be a parent; for God has so constituted it, that you can not enjoy this endearing relation without rendering yourself responsible to him for the discharge of these sacred duties.

But not only is it thus constituted a positive duty, but as we may see in a very beautiful incident in the life of Abraham, God recognizes the faithful discharge of it as one of the surest marks of godly character in his people. The Lord was present with Abraham, about to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, and being about to leave the patriarch, he revolves in his mind the propriety of communicating his intention to Abraham. He concludes to do so: Abraham "is the friend of God," and why withhold this counsel from him? One important consideration determines the Lord to receive Abraham into his confidence: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." Thus this known faithfulness of Abraham secures the favor and confidence of God. The interesting sentiment which strikes us in this beautiful incident, is the peculiar regard of the Lord placed on the religious training of children inasmuch that in view of that consideration,

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Abraham becomes the friend of God, and is received into his confidence. Other shining excellences in the character of this great patriarch might have been mentioned, but the Lord God selects and holds forth to our notice as a peculiar excellency in which he delighted, and names it in connection with the inestimable promise of the Savior, that Abraham would above all things regard the salvation of his children, and the honor of God in his family.

There is another interesting aspect in which we should view the duty of consecrating our children to God. The provision made for the reception of children into the Church, is much less a privilege conferred upon parents than a right secured to childhood by a divine ordination. To be brought into the Church of God—to be consecrated to the Savior—to receive the ordinance of baptism, and to be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, are rights belonging to the child, and we can not see how a parent can deprive his child of these divinely instituted and guaranteed rights, without taking upon himself a fearful responsibility for which God will hold him accountable. Are you prepared to assume the responsibility of withholding from your child what God has constituted his? Are you ready to annul, by the exercise of your parental authority, sacred and divine rights which God has invested in your offspring? Remember, these privileges are not yours, but your child's, and that while it is your sacred duty, as his responsible representative during the imbecility of childhood, to consecrate him to God, it is also the sacred right of your child to receive this consecration and to be brought into contact with the saving and sanctifying influences of the Church.

These considerations meet and repel a trivial objection which is sometimes brought by parents against consecrating their children to God in the ordinance of baptism. "It interferes," say they, "with the rights of children, and increases the obligations and responsibilities of parents." The rights of children, as we have seen, are to become members of the Church of God, and to grow up under the nurturing and saving influences of the Gospel of Christ. In discharging the duty of consecration we are but giving to children what belongs to them by Divine appointment—but giving to them what is theirs by sacred right; so that instead of interfering with the rights of childhood, we are securing their most sacred rights in the highest degree when we dedicate them to the Lord and bring them into his Church. If the objection refers to a supposed right belonging to the child as an individual to choose in riper years whether

he will be baptized or not, we answer, no such right belongs to either the parent or child. Neither children nor adults have *any right* to say whether they will be baptized or not; it is their duty enjoined by God, and is not a matter of right. True, the adult has lodged with him the fearful power to refuse obedience to this duty, and also to all others prescribed in the Gospel, but not on the principle of a right to do so, but in the exercise of a grave responsibility.

Nor can the withholding of our children from this solemn dedication to God diminish the responsibility of parents, nor the performance of this duty magnify it. The responsibility of parents is the same, whether they baptize their children or not. The momentous religious duties which we owe to our children are not based on the mere act of consecration, but upon the nature of our offspring, and our relation to them as the authors of their existence. To evade those duties we must cease to be parents. By being instrumental in bringing into existence these young immortal beings and assuming the parental relation, we incur the grave responsibility of bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to attempt to evade the responsibility by refusing to dedicate them to God, as though that would release us from the obligations which lie beyond it, is only to add guilt to our responsibility.

#### ELSIE'S CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE next morning Elsie was sitting on the floor before the parlor hearth rubbing the andirons, and singing "Allan Percy" spasmodically, for the andirons wanted rubbing dreadfully, and she rubs sort of punctuated the song. She had just jerked out that she would, with a peasant's heart, sit down and weep, when a ring at the door-bell startled her into consciousness of the fact that Katie had gone to the store, and that she must answer the bell. So she pulled off her gloves, and, putting them and the saucer with the brick-dust into the dining-room, she hastened to the door. She was quite overawed by the tall old gentleman with white hair and a large hat, who asked so dictatorially if Miss Hastings were at home, and could scarcely find courage to announce that she was Miss Hastings, she thought he would be so disappointed. He did not seem to be, however, and he walked into the parlor before she could ask him, and took possession of the easiest chair in the coolest manner imaginable.

"My name is Devereaux," he announced, "and I have taken the liberty of calling on a little matter of business. I am aware that you are not in the habit of making wax-flowers for sale"—Elsie jumped—"but I have been informed that you can make them in a very superior manner, and I came to see if you would, as a favor, make me a bunch—quite a large bunch—before Christmas. I wish to give it for a Christmas present."

Elsie gasped that she would be quite willing to do so, if he thought she could suit him. He said that he had no doubt she could, and further added that he wished his "bunch" to be entirely composed of tea-roses and jasmin. Elsie thought she must certainly be dreaming, and was convinced of it when he held out a five-dollar bill as he rose to go, saying, "For the wax and things, you know; when shall I come for it?"

"But this is quite too much for the wax and things, you know," said poor Elsie, repeating his words most impolitely in her bewilderment.

"We'll fix about that when I settle for them," he said decidedly. "When did you say I should have them?"

"Would two weeks from to-day be time enough?" said Elsie, rapidly going over in her mind her various household occupations, and the extra pains which she would like to bestow upon the "bunch" so munificently ordered by this prince in disguise.

"Quite," replied the prince. "I'll call at about this time. Good morning." And he was gone, leaving nothing to convince Elsie that it was not all a dream but that very five-dollar bill, which, a few minutes before, had so nearly convinced her that it was. Now it seemed tangible and consoling, however, and she locked it away in the most secret drawer of her work-box, and then put on her gloves and went at the andirons and "Allan Percy" again.

"And I do hope," she interrupted herself to say, "that he did not see the brick-dust on the hearth."

It would be very hard work, she thought, to keep a secret from the mother and Tom, but she argued to herself that they were doing it to her, and so they could not reasonably complain when they found out about it. But she concluded, after a while, that a little consultation with Tom before expending her prospective fortune would be a necessary evil. It would not be pleasant if, on Christmas morning, they were each to hand the mother a writing-table or a bracket-lamp.

Elsie had no doubt upon her mind as to the investment to be made for Tom—steel skates,

and nothing less, if the fortune would only turn out large enough. She thought a little regretfully of her own clumsy skates—an old pair of Tom's, to tell the truth, fixed up a little by that genius for her, and much better than nothing—but she snubbed herself instantly. Fortunately, the mother asked her if it would be convenient for her to go up town that afternoon and buy her some more Germantown wool; so she had the opportunity of procuring, unsuspected, the wax for her "order," as she proudly called it to herself. It was a mercy they kept it in C., for Tom would never have been able to buy it right; besides, she was not quite ready yet to give him even a partial confidence, and a journey to "the city" was too much of an affair to be entered into lightly—both the mother and Tom would have required a reason for the dissipation. She chose her wax, enough for a good large "bunch," and went home as happy as a queen with her two bundles, and the different changes carefully tucked into separate parts of her purse. She met the prince as she was stepping lightly along the "main street," and was quite overcome by the manner in which he took off his large hat to her.

What a happy two weeks that was! Never had wax-flowers seemed to grow in her deft fingers as these did. If that old gentleman could have known of all the loving thoughts which nestled in the creamy petals of the tea-roses, and the graceful sprays of jasmin, he would surely never have had the heart to give them away. Elsie's whole heart was in her work, but nothing was neglected for it. Tom had just as much gingerbread as usual—which was a good deal—the mother was as carefully and lovingly waited upon, the silver kept as bright, the parlor as tidy. Elsie had a notion that a neglected duty perched upon her conscience would interfere somehow with the beauty of her dainty work. But fortune favors the brave. Katie was particularly angelic just then, and the mother was better than she had been for a long time. I think, perhaps, the tonic which had such a beautiful effect upon her was happiness. Her own little works of darkness were prospering beyond her hopes, and she saw by Tom's and Elsie's faces that they were in a high state of suppressed triumph about something. Tom was even fuller of jokes and fearful puns than usual, and "Allan Percy" had not been heard of for days; on the contrary, the mother was shocked by faintly whistled scraps of "Champagne Charlie" and "Jolly Dogs," proceeding in a disjointed manner from the parlor every morning after the work was "done up," and Elsie, in her clean white

apron, had appeared to her for a few minutes to announce the result, and perhaps to favor her with a piece of fresh gingerbread, or a little pie, for if the mother had a weakness it was for pies, and if Elsie had—but she had—several of them, and one was whistling. Any body who could sing so sweetly as she could had no right to whistle, but there were times when singing did not sufficiently express her feelings. Tom professed to be able to distinguish her different whistles, and said that when he heard the "danger whistle" he always paid her a compliment, or got out of the way.

As the lovely wax-flowers grew near their completion, a bright thought occurred to Elsie; there was quite enough money left to purchase a pretty vase of which she knew; they would look much more complete arranged in it, and then, if the prince should not approve of the investment, the worst that could happen would be a deduction of the price of the vase from whatever he meant to pay her; she intended to give Lucy something out of her fortune if she could, and this vase looked "just like Lucy," and would be the very thing. It was a calla lily, in Parian ware, that Elsie had seen on the afternoon of their "spree," and had looked at with longing eyes. It was not very dear, but it was graceful and pretty, and just the thing to hold that bunch of flowers.

They were perfect; she had never succeeded as she had this time; one could not have helped sniffing at them, and being disappointed that they only smelt of wax. And now Tom must be told and employed to purchase the vase for her. She had decided not to make her excursion to "the city" until she had her money, and could do her extensive shopping. She made up her mind not *quite* to tell him, or to show him the flowers, until he had bought her the vase, so she merely informed him that if he would go to such a store and purchase such a vase—minutely described and the price given—he would hear of something to his advantage. Tom threatened not to take a step in the direction of the store until she told him all about it, and particularly where she got the money; but as she said "never mind, she would write a note to Will and ask him to do it for her if Tom would not, and that then she would tell the latter nothing at all about it for some time," Tom's curiosity was too much for him, and he consented and brought her the vase that very evening. So after tea she took it up to her room and arranged the flowers in it, twining some of the sprays of jasmin about the stem, and the effect surpassed her highest expectation.

She danced up to Tom with it, as he sat reading in the parlor, and he praised and admired it to her heart's content, using superlatives freely for the sake of getting at the history of it all. He was considerably astonished when he heard it, as Elsie had hoped he would be, and they speculated a good deal as to the amount which would probably be paid for the work of art. Tom thought it ought to be fifteen dollars; Elsie's wildest flight had not mounted above ten, but, emboldened by Tom's praise, she ventured to hope that it might be twelve.

They were quite sorry that the two weeks would not be up until the next day but one, and it was also a grief to Elsie that she could not show her lovely flowers to the mother, but Tom quite agreed with her that it would never do to spoil the surprise, "for I think that my having any money will be a surprise," said Elsie significantly. "There has n't been a particle of sawdust in my room this Winter." Tom merely replied by putting her on the piano, and left the room, whistling defiantly, before she could come down.

The next day but one arrived at last, and so did the Prince punctually. Elsie was not cleaning the andirons this time; no, indeed! The parlor was in spotless order, and so was she. She had been sitting at the window with a clean white apron on, and her curls tied up with one of her evening ribbons, for half an hour trying to sew. At a distant glimpse of the expected one, she hastily changed her position for one quite remote from the window, and, as Katie was at home this time, she did not go to the door, but sat in trembling dignity and heard the old gentleman ask for Miss Hastings. He shook hands with her on coming in, as if they were quite old acquaintances, and then, having accepted the offered chair, said instantly,

"Well, my dear, are they done?"

"Yes, sir," said Elsie, smiling brightly. "You know I promised you them to-day," and she flew off to bring them, for she had decided that they would be more imposing sprung upon him suddenly than they would if he were to find them sitting on the table.

The Prince behaved in the most gratifying manner; he turned them round, praised them in glowing terms, got them half-way to his nose, and then laughed at himself for doing it, was perfectly satisfied with Elsie's investment of the "change," and accepted the "quarter" which was left with much gravity. Elsie's heart fluttered when he pulled out a very fat pocket-book and said, "Well, my dear, how much is it?"

"Indeed, sir," she said meekly, "I never

made any to sell before, and I do n't know at all; but if you like I will try to find out; I suppose they could tell at some place in town."

"Nonsense," said the Prince abruptly. "I'm not going to wait for that; I want to take them away immediately, and I never like to be in debt. They must be awfully troublesome things to make, and if that's not enough you must just say so."

"That" was a lovely new twenty-dollar note! Elsie was struck speechless for a minute, but she was never that way long, so she hastened to assure him that it was quite too much, and tried to tell him how she had enjoyed making the flowers, but he "pshawed" and "nonsensed" faster than she could talk, all the time carefully replacing the flowers in the pasteboard box which she had provided for them. When they were nicely put up, he held out his hand to her once more and said kindly, "Good-by, my child, I hope you will all have a very happy Christmas," and then, as he looked down into the sweet blue eyes, shining through grateful tears, some sudden impulse made him stoop and kiss her forehead. With another kind good-by he was gone, and Elsie, frantic with delight, shut the parlor door and waltzed with herself for ten minutes, to keep herself from rushing up to tell the mother.

Tom came home a little earlier than usual that evening, which was a mercy, and he called the old gentleman "a brick," and hugged Elsie breathless as he helped her to finish the waltz she had begun in the morning. And then they arranged that Elsie's present to the mother should be the lamp and bracket—Tom did not say why, but Elsie was ready to agree to any thing—and that he should go with her to help choose it. They announced to the mother, when Tom went to sit with her for a while before bed-time, that Elsie had "an engagement" in town for the next Thursday, and that lovely woman, far from opposing the scheme or making needless inquiries, suggested, of her own accord, that, as she was better than usual, the kind neighbors should be invited to officiate for a night, and that Elsie should stay all night at her uncle's; she had fancied that the little daughter looked rather pale of late, and was afraid she had been too busy.

What a trip to town that was, with twenty dollars, all her own, in her pocket-book! for Tom insisted upon paying her fare, that she might have the pleasure of offering the original note when she made her first purchase. Those were two days of unmixed happiness: it was so delightful to have such a number of mysteries on hand at once! First she went with



Tom and Lucy—who was proud and happy to make a third upon such an important occasion—to choose the lamp and bracket, which was chosen to every body's satisfaction. Tom was not busy that morning, so they had some difficulty in getting rid of him when their first purchase was made; but they succeeded in making him understand finally, that the pleasure of his company was no longer requested, and then they went to the bank for Will, who was to be invited to go and help choose Tom's skates.

They both disliked going to the bank, it looked so dreadfully mysterious and forbidding, so they stood on the step peeping in, and resolved to wait until somebody came out, and to ask him, whoever he might be, to call Will out for them. In a few minutes a reasonable-looking youth emerged from the forbidding portal, and Lucy said bashfully, "Would you please tell Mr. Thurston we would like to speak to him?" and she had scarcely got the words out of her mouth, when, with a vacant stare, the youth walked rapidly away! Made courageous by their righteous indignation, they stepped into the awful place and found that the lions were chained, for a very polite clerk called Will instantly for them, who, when they told him of their adventure, laughed at them unmercifully for having supposed that every body who came out of the bank would know the name of the last new clerk!

"But he might have had the manners to say something," said Elsie, wrathfully.

"So he might," replied Will soothingly, and then they all went to buy the skates, and the unmannerly youth was remembered no more.

Elsie had to wait until the next day to buy Lucy's present; it was to be another vase like the old gentleman's, and filled with wax lilies of the valley, which she had been making at every spare moment after the "bunch" was finished.

There was enough of her fortune left to buy a box of "best mixtures" and a nice warm hood for Katie, and then feeling very rich, and warm, and happy, the little woman went home with Tom and her parcels, impatient for Christmas-day to come.

Things do not often turn out as we expect that they will; sometimes they are better, mostly not so good, but that Christmas was perfectly successful. Every body was as surprised as possible with his and her presents, and it was almost too much for the mother, when Tom carried her into the front-room just before church-time, and she found her pretty lamp fastened to the wall, and a beautiful walnut desk-table, which Tom had made himself, be-

side the sofa. There was, furthermore, a gold pen in a pretty holder on the desk, which he had also "made," he stated, and other things from the folks in town, which she could scarcely notice for looking at these her chief treasures.

By a curious coincidence, Tom and Elsie each received a pair of steel skates! The mother's works of darkness had resulted in Elsie's skates, a picturesque fur-cap and pair of gloves for Tom, and several other little things for Katie, the good neighbor, and the town relations. And Tom nearly choked Elsie as he fastened round her neck a pretty little "animal" like an elongated gray squirrel, and then recovered her by sticking her hands into the muff to match. There was a good deal of laughing, just a little crying, and a great bustle, occasioned by Elsie, as she rushed about fixing the mother and the turkey, so that she could feel easy in her mind while she was at church.

In the midst of it all came a ring at the door, and there was a severely respectable colored man, with a huge parcel "for Miss Hastings." Miss Hastings opened it with breathless eagerness, and found such a "bunch" of real flowers as she had imagined but never seen; white and purple grapes, almost as beautiful as the flowers, and a box of confectionery that looked far too handsome to eat until you had tasted one of them. Tom said afterward that she went into a little hysteric, and that if he had not shaken her and put candy into her mouth, he thought she would have had some kind of a fit. But she was obliged to recover promptly, for it was high time to go to church. A card, with "Compliments of Charles E. Devereaux" upon it, is to this day preserved in the aforementioned secret drawer, among her chiefest treasures.

How every thing seemed to shine that morning! The crisp snow sparkled in the sunlight, the little church was gay with evergreens and holly-berries; every body seemed to mean it when they said "happy Christmas," on the way to church, and in the vestibule, and Elsie and Tom joined in the Christmas hymn "with pure hearts fervently."

They found the mother ready and waiting to be carried down to the parlor sofa when they came home; dinner was to be in the parlor that day, so that she could dine with them. Elsie's mince-pies were like a "vision," Tom said, and Elsie said she thought they were, from the way in which they "vanished." The uncle, and aunt, and cousins were all coming out to tea, so the mother was commanded to take a nap, while Elsie set the tea-table, superintended by Tom, and she tried very hard to obey, but did not

quite succeed. She was bright enough, however, when the company came, and the evening was almost equal to the morning. Lucy was as much pleased with her lovely vase of flowers, as Will and George were with the warm, soft gloves which Elsie had knit for them, and that is saying a good deal.

As Tom and Elsie walked home through the brilliant moonlight, with lovingly linked arms, from the station, where they had been seeing off the city folks, they agreed that there had never been such a Christmas, and that it must have been because they made the money and the things, that every thing they had given each other seemed so lovely. Tom told Elsie how successful he had been in selling his brackets and picture-frames at a place in town, and how he meant to keep on, for it was grand to have money that he could spend just as he liked.

Elsie dared not hope that another such customer as her prince would appear, but she had a vision of Germantown wool, and the mother's success in that line, so that she spoke quite cheerfully on the subject of spending money.

I wonder how many rich people said good-night to each other that Christmas night with such happy, thankful hearts as the three people owned who lived in that small house of Hastings. Not many, I am afraid.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor."

## AMONG THE LAKES OF BRITAIN.

### I. KILLARNEY.

IRELAND may well cherish her Lakes of Killarney, for she has little else to attract the tourist. The Giant's Causeway is of great *scientific* interest, but is so small in itself, and, moreover, so plain in its outlines, that but for the bold neighboring cliffs there would be nothing to draw the traveler so far northward. The cities and towns of Ireland are gloomy to the eye, and, except dreary little Londonderry, void of much historic interest. The general scenery is tame and somewhat monotonous, though not unpleasing. One will see a fair specimen of the island in a ride of a few miles—especially if he take that unique but admirable mode of conveyance, an Irish jaunting-car—without traversing it from Queenstown to the Causeway.

But Killarney is an inviting spot. Starting by carriage for the head of the Lower Lake—Lough Leane—we notice first of all the peculiar shrubs and flowers that line the way. Here is

the holly with its odd, prickly leaf of fadeless green; the hawthorn, and the heather, and the luxuriant, inevitable ivy, with strange, bright-hued flowers, impart a peculiar richness to the scene. We pause to visit the ruins of "Muckross Abbey," founded in 1440. The cloisters were arranged around a court-yard, in the center of which now blooms a magnificent yew-tree. In the surrounding grounds are many tombs of ancient date and uncouth lettering. At the "Meeting of the Waters"—a romantic spot—our boat, by previous arrangement, is awaiting our arrival, and after lunching on the quiet shore—which the queen during her late visit was pleased to call "a Fairy Land"—we glide over the glassy waters to explore the wonders of the lake. To one who has seen Lake George, the surroundings of Lough Leane will not appear specially picturesque, but a quiet beauty rests upon the scene. The boatmen sing their wild roundelays, the guide tells his choicest tales of Irish wakes, and ghosts of the O'Donaghues, and battles of castled kings with demons and goblins dire, till, ere we are aware, we find ourselves on the bright green turf of the shore.

O'Sullivan's Cascade makes its presence known by its tremendous roar before the eye can catch a glimpse of its bright waters. The uppermost water-fall is about twenty feet in height, but the water, making its way between two hanging rocks, soon gathers its strength for another precipitous leap, into a natural basin concealed from view, from which it rolls into the lowest chasm of all. Overhanging the lowest basin is a grotto, with a seat rudely cut in the rock, beneath an arch of granite and foliage that excludes the sun. Here we rest, and let the eye wander upward from leap to leap of the laughing waters. Here is Nature in her luscious retreats; the stiffness of the plains and the somber dignity of the mountains are thrown aside; in rollicking playfulness, in wild abandon of delight, she shouts aloud to the skies and the rock-bound crags, till they ring with the merry echoes. Let us shout with her, for never could there be a more fitting time.

A few sharp strokes of the oar bring us to the island of "Innisfallen." This lovely spot was once selected as the site of a monastery. Finian, believed to have lived in the year 600, was its founder, and the guide will tax the credulity of the traveler by pointing out his grave. A singular grave it is, whoever may have been its occupant, for a large ash-tree—perhaps springing from a seed dropped upon the tomb—has grown up from the very spot, its roots

affectionately encompassing the stones of the sepulcher, and forms a graceful monument for the dead. The old abbey of the monks is of course in ruins, except the main walls, which are clothed in ivy to their very top. Here is seen, perhaps, the largest holly in the world—not a shrub, but a mighty tree, five feet in diameter. Here are bowers of hawthorn and yew, thickets of flowering shrubs, quiet retreats fitted for contemplation, walks carpeted with the softest of verdure and lined with arbutus and larch, while ever and anon the lake is seen through the opening foliage.

This island of surpassing loveliness was once the abode of learning. Here were composed the "Annals of Innisfallen," a history of Ireland down to the times of St. Patrick, the original copy of which is now in the Bodleian Library. No wonder Moore found poetic inspiration in the spot, and wrote, upon leaving it,

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine;  
How fair thou art let others tell,  
While but to feel how fair be mine.  
Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,  
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

There are other points of interest around Killarney—as "The Gap of Dunloe;" "The Black Valley," a dark, desolate gorge; "The Eagle's Nest," a rugged, precipitous mass of rock, 1,100 feet above the sea; "Ross Island," with its ruined castle; "Mangarton," commanding a magnificent outlook; "The Torc Cascade," falling sixty feet, and rushing through a deep ravine; "The Upper and Middle Lakes," abounding in scenes of beauty—but we must hasten onward.

## II. THE SCOTTISH LAKES.

A few hours' ride by rail from Glasgow brings us to the foot of Loch Lomond, the largest, and perhaps the most picturesque of all. As the steamer moves upward, passing by green isles and between mountainous shores, the spirit of the scene glides into the heart. Every minute reveals some new aspect of the surrounding scenery. The mountains near by are so wondrously green and smooth; the sunshine seems to sleep upon their verdant summits; the rocks seem turned into gardens of moss, lest any thing uncouth should mar the scene; the distant mountains are clothed in that misty blue that is so enchanting, and which merges into a bright purple in the far-off perspective. Ben Lomond stands as chief among the sentinel mountains grouped around—Ben Voirlich, Ben-noghrie, Benvenue—and, to the eastward, Ben-

ledi, the magnificent, literally "mountain of God." Viewed through a field-glass, the edges of each mountain summit seem lined with sparkling light, as though the flood of sunshine had dashed against the rugged sides and broken in luminous waves over their boundaries. Far up among the dizzy heights may be seen little rills of bright water rippling down in gladness to join the smiling waters far below. The hours fly unheeded, and all too soon we are landed at romantic little Inversnaid.

If one is so disposed he may take a row-boat for that frightful chasm in the mountain side called "Rob Roy's Cave;" or, if of stout muscle and vigorous breathing power, let him climb the hill-side to the little rustic bridge that spans the "Falls of Inversnaid;" and higher still to a projecting rock that affords a view of the down-rushing torrent as it comes from the heights beyond, and slips over the smooth rocks into the chasms below with rumble and roar; then by a winding path away up to a cliff ending in an abrupt chasm. There, now for the outlook! Could any thing be more charming? The lake below; two cone-shaped mountains on the opposite shore, in shade and sunshine, like polished emeralds; a valley between, through which winds a stream, lined with thickets, and, across the opening, two far-off hills with grassy summits, now bathed in light, now shrouded in cloud-shadows—these are the artistic points worthy the canvas of a Claude or a Turner.

Loch Katrine, at a distance, looks like a piece of deep-blue sky. Less romantic than Lomond, it is scarcely less beautiful. We are now in the region of poetry. There is "Ellen's Isle," whence in the twilight hour emerged "The Lady of the Lake;" and there the "Silver Strand," with "pebbles bright as snow," which the maiden's boat was wont to graze when it "shot to the bay;" near by she paused at the sound of Fitz James' bugle, and stood in the fairy skiff like "guardian naiad,"

"With head upraised, and look intent,  
And eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art."

On the eastern borders of Loch Katrine are "The Trossachs"—the *rough* or *bristled* territory—a region of dark dells, the hunted stag's retreat, and purple peaks with "flinty spires" and "thunder-splintered battlements;" terraces uplifted by no hand of man, where eglantine embalms the air; the primrose pale, the fox-glove, and the night-shade, mingle their hues with the stains of the weather-beaten crags.

"Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;"

and, higher yet, the pine-tree hangs his shattered trunk and flings his boughs athwart the narrowed sky: highest of all, where from the white peaks the brier-rose flings its streamers of crimson and green,

"The wanderer's eye can scarcely view  
The Summer heaven's delicious blue;  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream."

Here we are, at the "Brigg of Turk," rendered memorable by only two lines—a touch from the masterly pencil of Scott:

"And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone."

By the roadside, to the north,

"Through middle air,  
Ben-an heaves high his forehead bare."

Almost anywhere in this region, according to the fancy of the traveler, can be located the spot where Roderick Dhu, Clan Alpine's chieftain, "whistled shrill," when,

"Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;  
And every tuft of broom gave life  
To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
That whistle garrisoned the glen  
At once with full five hundred men."

In front of the Trossachs slumbers Loch Achray, and eastward in quiet loveliness Loch Vennachar stretches away to the limits of this classic and enchanted ground.

### III. THE ENGLISH LAKES.

The tourist who moves northward through Ireland, and southward through Great Britain, will naturally visit Derwentwater first. Perhaps this is a disadvantage, for it is certainly the most beautiful, in itself, though, it may be, less interesting in its associations. In form it approaches the oval, extending from north to south about three miles. The amount of picturesque beauty crowded into and around this little space is wonderful. The mountains have that peculiar feature—so noticeable at Loch Lomond, but wanting at Katrine and Windermere—of summits feathered with soft green, covering their sterner outlines. The shores are lined with these mild-featured, yet imposing cliffs, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks and cliffs that rise immediately beyond, and are again overlooked by others, while over all is that magical commingling of light and shade, of nearness and distance, of real and unreal, which gives such a charm to mountain regions. A boat-ride over Derwentwater is like the memory of a happy dream—"Midsummer Night's Dream," we might say, only midsummer here is like an American October. A

short excursion brings us to the "Falls of Lodore,"

"Striking and raging,  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound!  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.  
And so, never ending,  
But always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er,  
With a mighty uproar;  
And this is the way the water comes down at Lodore."

On the banks of this lake lived the poet Southey. Farther on, at the village of Grassmere, lived De Quincey, philosopher, essayist, "opium-eater;" half a mile further, on the same coach-road, is the tasteful cottage where lived Hartley Coleridge, whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended only a short time before his own death. The tombs of both are seen in the little churchyard of Grassmere. Professor Wilson (Christopher North)—that splendid specimen of the physical and intellectual man—lived also in these haunts of genius. Miss Martineau's home was at Ambleside, near the head of Lake Windermere, literally covered with ivy, and embosomed in trees upon which the birds sing hilariously. Mrs. Hemans spent a season at "Dove's Nest," on Windermere, and said of it, "I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know how to leave it." Windermere is, however, so large, and the shores are so void of any striking features, that we much prefer to linger at Rydal Water. The lake itself is a gem. The shores look down into the glassy depths, lighted far down by the "subtle sunbeams," and bordered with noble trees, while, here and there,

"Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,  
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between."

Rydal was a fitting home for Wordsworth, with his poet soul. We wonder not he called it

"The loveliest spot that man hath ever found"

There is not a crag, nor rill, nor cascade with its "sparkling foam," that is not embalmed in his poetry. He loved each tree, each knoll—the whole country, pervaded with that "dreamy loveliness" to which Mrs. Hemans refers. He often lingered by the "river's brim," and wandered into some "depth of wood," where simple-hearted "Peter Bell" might well be found



alone; and lingered in the fields where some little maid might meet him with her sweet refrain, "Nay, but we are seven."

"Did Wordsworth ever ride with you?" we asked of the old coachman, as we drove through Rydal. "Many a time," said he. "Did he talk much?" A very emphatic "No," was the reply. No doubt the neighbors of the poet did not appreciate his moods of musing and verse-making; it was one of these matter-of-fact neighbors who grumbled out, "Wordsworth was no mooch woorth in this community."

### "THE ONE ALTOGETHER LOVELY."

**D**O we comprehend the full meaning of those words? Do we realize the essential loveliness, the ineffable beauty and glory of the nature of Him we worship? We talk of what he has done for us, the precious gifts, the wondrous love he has bestowed; we "love him because he first loved us." This is well, as far as it goes, but let us not stop here. We may have a kind of love for an unknown benefactor; may discharge a debt of gratitude toward one whose person and character are indifferent or even disagreeable to us; but how far short this feeling falls of that warm outgushing tenderness which flows irresistibly toward one who, besides attracting us by personal kindness, holds us fast by his own intrinsic worth and loveliness!

Can we enumerate the qualities which make our God the Being that he is? Shall we attempt an analysis of that Nature which is "grand beyond a seraph's thought?" Not so; yet we may well call to mind and dwell upon some of the attributes revealed in his Word and works, that we may see how each is fitted to call forth the warmest love, the deepest adoration of our souls.

The perfect goodness which can never swerve a hair's breadth from the highest law of right is something which, it seems to me, we must appreciate more fully the longer we live in this evil world, the more we note the absence or the weakness of the moral quality in ourselves and others. We see the noblest sometimes wander, the strongest fall under temptation's power, the truest and the staunchest betray some sacred trust; and in the hours of despondency which follow such revelations, how good it is to look up to One who, we know, can never sin, over whom the strongest temptation has no power, whose steadfastness knows no loss or change, in whom we may utterly confide with no fear of the rude shock of disappointment which some-

times wakens us from our dream of trust in human truth and goodness!

Power and wisdom—how we magnify these attributes in men; how we crown them with the laurel and the bay; how we exhaust our ingenuity in devices to do them honor! Yet how imperfect are they even in their highest exhibitions, how blended with weakness and folly in the souls most loftily endowed! But in our God we see them manifest in all their fullness, in all their wonderful, unspeakable glory. And, what is still more marvelous, these attributes do not render him unapproachable. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." Among men, the possession of a paltry degree of power separates its possessor from the common herd and places him far beyond their reach, inaccessible to all save a favored few. Not so with him to whom "all power in heaven and earth" belongs. While recounting "his mighty works, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth," we need not stand afar off, awe-stricken and fearful, but approaching and taking his very hand we may say, with a pride which has in it the essence of all humility, "This God is *our God*; he will be our guide even unto death."

And then—I wonder what David meant when he spoke of beholding the "beauty of the Lord?" Had he in mind that indefinable something in the Divine nature which overflows in sunshine, and flowers, and blue skies, and bright-hued clouds—in all delicate tints, and lovely forms, and graceful combinations? I think we too often forget that these things are an expression of the Divine Mind, that they show us what God is, rather than the pains he has taken to please us. Do we love the poet and the artist less that their beautiful creations are the mere outgrowth of something in them that will not be repressed, that the pleasure they would afford mankind was the last thing they had in view when working out the poem or picture which was to become a thing of beauty and a joy forever? Following out this thought, I believe we gain the highest and truest inspiration from the lovely things of earth, when we view them, not as toys elaborated with infinite pains for our delectation, but as the irrepressible overflow of that eternal spring of beauty which wells up from the depths of the Divine nature.

Akin to these are the tender sensibilities, the soft emotions that make life so beautiful and love so sweet and holy. That these, too, have their source and their fullest development in the mind of the Creator, is not only indicated by the fact that he has bestowed them upon his

creature man, but is abundantly attested in the revelation he has made. He calls himself by all the names that human associations have rendered tenderest and sweetest—Friend, Brother, Father, Redeemer, and Comforter. He protests that even though a mother may forget, yet will not he; he calls the Church his beloved and his bride; he exhausts the vocabulary of human speech in expressions of love to his people, and proves it by acts of kindness even unto death. Apart from the grateful wonder that we should be recipients of such love, we see, in the very fact of this wondrously loving nature, a powerful appeal to our sensibilities.

Can there be, in all the world, a heart so hard and cold that it can see him as he is, unmoved? I think not. I think not. The trouble is we do not see him. The scales are on our eyes, the veil is on our hearts, we can not behold his glory. O, for the healing art that can remove this grievous blindness, and cause us to see, as far as mortal eyes may bear the sight, the ineffable light and loveliness we have missed so long!

#### OUTSIDE AND IN.

HERE is a class of persons in the world who have a great reputation for sincerity on the strength of a certain angularity and brusqueness of manner. They never speak in rising inflections; there is never a quaver in their voice; their mind is always "made up." Such persons are not afraid of any body; whatever idea illuminates their mind is forthwith declared without qualification or garniture, and you may like or not. In short, they are remarkably sincere persons; they always tell the truth. These persons are characters in a way, and novelists make capital of them occasionally to spice over-much sentiment. Moreover, such downright, abrupt ways in otherwise fine, perfect natures have a sort of piquancy that attracts by some subtle law of opposites, and by virtue of their very imperfection, set off in clearer relief the rounded fullness of character. But who wishes to emulate such sincerity in itself?

There is another class quite as numerous, we fancy, with features decidedly different. Of this class the French people may stand perpetual representatives. External politeness is a national characteristic. Your Frenchman is always graceful; whatever he says is said agreeably; he conveys the most alluring facts with the most alluring phrases; the sting of his disapprobation lies concealed in the honey of his speech; even his hatred is expressed in a roundabout flow of affability that seems almost

complimentary, and one's very pockets are picked in the midst of a redundancy of bows, smiles, and all nameless elegancies of manner.

Between these two extremes of character there are endless grades of difference, but broadly classed, they will all fall under one or other division. As one looks out over society, one of the most painful sights to be met is its thousand little hypocrisies and insincerities. One remembers the "one in a thousand" of melancholy Ecclesiastes—for who is thoroughly and radically true in all things? We say "little hypocrisies," etc.; not because they are not sufficiently evil; certainly not because less difficult of cure. The bane of them lies in their seeming harmlessness. The pathetic tenderness of Tennyson's "The Grandmother's Apology," yet makes room for the stoutly indignant rendering of the "parson's text:"

"That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;  
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

A deforming excrescence may be removed by the surgeon's art, but to remedy the cause, the insidious disease that pervades the system, running through all its multitudinous channels, spoiling the very fountains of life—that is the more difficult matter.

But shall one always be so dead in earnest in one's sincerity? The rigidly good person is never popular. Gentle eyes do not love such starched and inveterate precision. "O," said the volatile French woman, "this would be perfect if there were only a little sin in it." But the question is not against sincerity; it is against the manifestation. We doubt whether the aforementioned "sincere" class are more truthful than many others. Abruptness is not necessarily candor. It may be perfectly true that one has an awkward gait and a homely nose, but it does not follow that the person who informs one of these items—which one is sufficiently conscious of already—is any more sincere than another who observes the same peculiarities and is silent. It may be an aggravating fact that one's face is adorned some fine morning with a ruddy pimple of unconscionable size, but it is not a logical deduction that Mrs. Plainspoken, who calls attention to it with a loud laugh, is any more sincere than her sister who sees it too, but says nothing about it.

But what if one takes the initiative, and declares one's own deficiencies? Do we like the assent of the listener? In a late popular story, the author takes occasion to say, "However much we may condemn our own, none of us like to hear another do it." You would n't let any body else say so, is trite enough to be a

proverb. It is the triumphant retort that usually poses the self-deprecating mortal that pours the tale of his astonishing incapacities into your ears. Not being at present under any embarrassment of that character, we boldly reply, "No, we would not." Philosophical or not, we do not like wholesale condemnation; reasonable or unreasonable, it is a universal fact, and whatever is of universal existence is pretty sure to rest on some foundation of reason.

All of us have our foolish little vanities and conceits that we like to have petted and indulged. A lady of refined and exquisite taste, who not only loves flowers, but knows how to arrange them effectively, disposes the floral adornments of some public room with such charming effect that the committee of arrangements cries out in a rapture, "How beautifully you have done it, Mrs. A.!" But Mrs. A. receives this appreciation with apparent indifference, and humbly replies, "O, I have no doubt that somebody else could do it better." The only inference to be drawn is, that Mrs. A. is an excessively modest person, or that she is waiting for a second installment of admiration.

Miss Annabella Angel possesses a delicately small foot. She knows it is a little foot, as fairy-like as Cinderella's, but she wishes to be told of it, so one day she breaks out in a little pet of displeasure, "O, my monstrous foot!" at which we fear all around join in a chorus of consolation and sing the smallness of the offending member, whereupon it is to be observed that in the mind of Miss Annabella, the "monster" immediately resumes its ordinary proportions.

But it is not always the negative side. There are a thousand contingencies that try one's sincerity sorely. One is put point blank in the face of questions that demand settling—questions vexing and difficult from their very indefiniteness. On one side is truth—and truth must be had at all hazards—and on the other is some delicate sensibility that must be carefully dealt with. Between this Scylla and Charybdis of difficulty, one must possess not only strict integrity, but thorough tact and skill to keep the middle track for the open sea.

During some invalid period a friend has taken infinite pains to prepare you some delicacy of food that shall be particularly appetizing. In spite of the pains and the large-heartedness, the dish does not suit your fancy; it is an effort to eat the daintiest morsel. Shall you plainly declare this in the face of your friend, or shall you insist that it is exquisite, just what you had longed for, etc.? We venture to state that in nine cases out of ten the latter alternative would

be taken. How many a culinary offering from the heart of generous kindness, welcomed with a rare smile and praised for its delicacy, has afterward been secretly consigned to some dark, safe oblivion!

What mockeries of sincerity spring out of many of the commonest customs of society! The irony of greetings between the merest acquaintances often forces itself upon the careless observer. Two persons who had the pleasure of an introduction three or four days ago meet in public ways as if they had been lifelong friends. One's politest bow is reserved for the one on whom we look most coldly. Ladies, young and old, encountering socially, rush into one another's arms, and kiss with effusion, when inwardly they despise one another, and are longing to make sanguinary use of the first shawl-pin.

But it is not always in such extremes that one sees the ironies of social life, though these are sufficiently common. Here is the admirable Angelica, who, after a long siege of sweeping and dusting, and general renovation, sits down to regale herself with a book in her favorite window. Her eye wanders a minute from the enchanting page, and she beholds approaching the house Mr. B., his wife, and three children; very excellent people indeed, but whom Miss Angelica does not happen to fancy. The arrival is of all things least agreeable to her. She wishes brother B. and family were in any very remote locality—provided it were safe—for she knows that her day is lost. But what does the admirable Angelica do? Being a sensible person, she walks to the door, and instead of sincerely declaring her sentiments, making a clean breast of her displeasure, she puts on a smiling face, and greets the visitors with the utmost kindness and cordiality. She is penetrated with sorrow at their appearance, but we will not take an oath that she does not say she is "glad to see them." What an arrant deceiver is Miss Angelica! What an out-and-out contradiction of herself! Even when the interlopers are about taking their late twilight departure, this hypocritical young lady actually invites them, in the most courteous manner, to repeat their visit at some future day. O, if one had always to act in fixed squares and angles, what a dreary world it would be!

The base deceptions and meaner cheateries of trade are a sadly old story. From scheming Laban to the politic, unprincipled merchant of to-day, there are thousands who have made a reputation for doing any thing for money. But of the commoner insincerities of the business—its false pretensions, its assumed necessities, its

petty deceits—is their name Legion who are guiltless of these things! A late writer exclaims, "How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts!" In a shop where prices are known to have remarkable fluctuations, after a long, fruitless search, a keen, shrewd woman falls upon just the article in question. Madam inquires the price. It being in truth a good, round sum, she starts back aghast. She never can pay that amount; it is positively fabulous. The shop-keeper declares that he can not possibly afford it, but—for her—he will take off a dollar. But to our keen patron a dollar is nothing; it will never do; she offers two dollars less. The shop-keeper holds up his hands in horror; it will be the ruin of his family. But madam insists, and after endless chaffering he accepts her terms, and my lady carries off her property triumphant in the midst of a series of bewailings and lamentations on the part of the shop-keeper. The truth of the matter is, that he would have taken much less, and she would have given much more.

It is to be believed that no one ever yet bought or sold any thing who did not put on an aspect expressing other than the actual condition of the case. The seller sees a thousand charms, and is not anxious to dispose of his property; the buyer admires moderately and with discretion, while he finds faults here and imperfections there. "I suspect we are all hypocrites at a bargain," says frank, genial Ik Marvel.

It is a fortunate matter that we do not know all the little ideas that are going on in one another's minds. What astonishing results would happen if these could be observed! Faces may be, and often are large-lettered books that the poorest eye-sight may read, but, after all, it is amazing what masks they are to hide our identity even from those nearest us. We have friends dear to us, we say, as life itself, and yet how solitarily we move along the crowded way of life! The inmost heart of us is evermore apart, and has no fellow.

The record of all the thoughts comprehended in a life, set down against the words and acts corresponding to them in time, would make the oddest book in all literature. The variety and contradictoriness of our thoughts is nothing less than incredible. So fantastic and incomprehensible are they, one wonders whether they or our actual deeds be the expression of our truer life. If one were to act for an hour in accordance with all the fleeting, desultory images that crowd the brain, one would be voted insane.

We sit in the parlor opposite Mrs. So-and-so, who is making a call. We have a hearty admiration for her, on the whole, and listen with dignified interest to her pleasant talk. But while we are affably bowing and smiling assent across the room, we are inwardly commenting, What a peculiar voice! how oddly her hair is done up! and, I wonder where she got her new bonnet! But so far we have acted only legitimately; we could not prevent our thoughts; we did not express them. If now we add, What a charming appearance you made the other evening! when we mean, You looked like a perfect witch, our courtesy is not more courteous than before—if it exists at all—and it has received a new element of insincerity. We have uttered a compliment—foolish at best—at the expense of a deception. There is a difference between the courtesy that, while it does not deny the truth, yet carefully avoids wounding the feelings of another, and the courtesy that voluntarily, and by intent, utters unqualified falsehood. In fact, the latter is not courtesy. The real, genuine virtue that St. Paul teaches in his epistles, that Christ taught by a life of royal grace, is always truth. The two laws that, governing any life, make it a perfect one, are of no conflicting character; they are in accord, and make the harmony of all true living.

Courtesy is always truth, but truth is not always courtesy. There are truths better unsaid. To be sincere is not to be blunt, and while bluntness is better than deception, courtesy is better than either. As, for instance, in the case of an editor who simply and barely "accepts" one article, but "*respectfully declines*" another, though it should be the most vapid nonsense ever perpetrated by brainless conceit.

THE Christian man's faith must be always upon the resurrection of Christ, when he is in trouble; and in that glorious resurrection he shall not only see continual joy and consolation, but also victory and triumph over all persecution, sin, death, hell, the devil, and all other tyrants and persecutors of Christ and of Christ's people; the tears and weeping of the faithful dried up; their wounds healed; their bodies made immortal in joy; their souls forever praising the Lord, in conjunction and society everlasting with the blessed company of God's elect, in perpetual joy. But the words of St. Paul in that place, if they be not marked, shall do little profit to the reader or hearer, and give him no patience at all in this impatient and cruel world.—*Bishop Hooper.*



THROW OPEN THE WINDOW.

THROW open the window to wait for the day,  
The cage is deserted—the captive's away!  
Guard it no longer from danger or pain,  
In its own little home it will ne'er sing again;  
No longer to tempt with what's sweetest and best,  
Need you lovingly bend o'er that desolate nest;  
Throw open the window, for safely you may,  
The tender one's gone—little birdie's away!

Throw open the window—no more can the storm  
Hurt a hair on the head of that still, sleeping form;  
Gaze up through the darkness—away from thy dead  
Let the chill of the night wrap thy own fever'd head!  
Upward! Look up; through the deep midnight sky,  
Keep down the heart throbbings, and utter no cry;  
Angels are winging their way through the air,  
And a sweet ransomed spirit is safe in their care.

Throw open the window—the angels are singing!  
Couldst thou but hear them, the joy-bells are ringing.  
Let not a murmur nor even a sigh  
Cross the faint echo of music on high.  
These eyes might see glory, except they were holden.  
O, for one glimpse of sweet Salem the golden!  
O, for one strain from the gate of the Day  
To make me forget that my birdie's away!

Throw open the window—the dark clouds are riven,  
Thy darling has enter'd—a dweller in heaven!  
Couldst thou wish more, had he lived to grow old,  
Than a harp, and a crown, and a scepter of gold,  
And a right with his Savior forever to stay,  
And sing the old song that is new every day?  
His poor earthly cage is exchanged for a throne,  
To his God and his Savior thy baby has gone!

Throw open the window—how oft in past years  
Have I wept in the dust—like a fountain of tears,  
And yet may be sent me dark moments of pain,  
Sad days—weary nights may be given me again!  
Let me never forget that the clouds have a break,  
And that glory is dawning for Jesus' dear sake!  
Let me learn, while my treasures from earth pass away,  
To throw up my window and watch for the day!

SILENT LIVES.

THE most of lives on earth are silent lives;  
As, in the fields and woods, the linnet's song  
And swallow's twitter echo all day long,  
But seldom heard the nightingale that gives  
Its sweetest notes unto the ev'ning's calm,  
And then its strain is heard above them all;  
So do the most of mankind live and fall,  
And scarce the world e'er hears the living psalm.  
Yet there are many lives that often seem  
Obscure, unknown, and might as well be dead,  
That will leave cheering rays upon Time's stream,  
Which throw a halo round the dying bed—  
As, in the fading eve, we see the gleam  
Of light upon the wren's gold-crested head.

### VICTORIA, CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

**I**F the illustrious lady, whose portrait we this month present our readers, were not adorned with such well-known excellence of spirit and character, she would nevertheless interest us as the consort of the brave and noble Crown Prince of Germany, and mother of the presumptive heir to the German Imperial throne. But a greater and more noble adornment than the Imperial diadem graces this faithful, self-sacrificing, and sincerely good lady, who, like her illustrious mother, is one of the finest models of true and noble womanhood of our time.

Her Royal Highness, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, is the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria, of England, and Prince Albert, of Saxe Coburg, and was born on the 21st day of November, 1840; and thus, as Crown Princess of Great Britain, fate brought to her cradle the expectancy of one of the mightiest thrones in the world. Although the birth afterward of a number of brothers made her succession to the throne very problematical, yet the study of English governmental and parliamentary law, and the political economy of the English people was given a prominent place in the education of the Princess Royal, which gave her mental powers a certain manly earnestness, and clear views and principles of politics and life far beyond her years.

When, on the 25th day of January, 1858, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William—"Our Fritz," as the Germans delight in calling him, born October 18, 1830—led the Princess Royal to the altar, they were followed by the unanimous esteem and hearty congratulations of all the civilized world; for it was well known how well the simple and complete education of the family, and the salutary influence, as well as the model example of her illustrious parents, especially of her pure, simple-hearted, and upright father, had left their impress upon the Princess. Intelligent, sensible, and independent enough to appraise the hollow pomp of court etiquette and court splendor at their true value, the Crown Princess, in the smaller circle of her own court, from the first vindicated, by word and deed, the principle that it is not outward seeming, but intellectual and moral worth, that ennobles mankind; she therefore decidedly preferred to have an influential family circle rather than a glittering coterie.

The influence of the Crown Princess since her residence in Prussia has been very great. In the social and domestic life of a nation nothing is of more importance and influence than

the moral tone of the court. History is full of illustrations of the power for good or for evil that goes forth from the chamber of kings and queens. The moral and domestic life of the palace tells, directly or indirectly, upon the homes of the people of all ranks and conditions. In this regard the influence of the Crown Princess has been only for good. Her sweetness of disposition and gentleness of manner, the simplicity of her domestic life and household arrangements, even at one of the most powerful courts of Europe, has been felt through the length and breadth of the land. At the beginning of her residence in the haughty capital, the lords and ladies in waiting, and the directors of court ceremonies, were often shocked at her disregard of the long-established stiff forms in vogue. The Princess always followed more the dictates of her heart than the prescribed routine of ceremonials. It is said she once had to hear a lecture from a court official on the impropriety of speaking in public of the Crown Prince as her husband, instead of giving him his true title. She at once went to the king, and asked him whether it was unbecoming in her to call the Prince her husband. The king, pressing her to his heart, told her certainly to call him always her husband, whenever and wherever she pleased.

The Princess is a true woman. She seeks and finds her happiness in the family circle. Her riches are her children; with her greatest motherly care she watches over their training, in which service the Crown Prince finds it his delight to assist her. In these days it may not be amiss to say that she insists upon the exercise of her duty and privilege as a mother to nurse her own children. In her whole domestic life she is indeed a pattern to mothers, all the more exemplary for the hinderances she necessarily meets in her exalted station. Once she surprised a large party of court grandees, on a public occasion, by taking up her children, who came rushing to her, in her arms, and embracing them, and allowing them to caress her before the company. Her unobtrusive benevolence is well known to all at Berlin. She is in the habit of sending to make inquiries as to the character and mode of life, and then rendering substantial help, when she hears of cases of distress.

The Princess remains a true Anglo-Saxon, and carried with her and maintains in the dissolute capital a strict regard for the Christian Sabbath, and for her good old English faith and religious observances. Nor does she prove recreant to the training and examples of her

early home-life. In her leisure hours she zealously improves her mind and cultivates her taste in reading and writing, drawing, modeling, and painting.

Intrinsic worth and public merit are the keys which open to capable men and women of all the walks of life the palace of the Crown Princess. The arts and sciences are the themes of her entertainments. The education of her children in the spirit of truest humanity is the first care of Victoria; the balance of her time and energy is devoted to works of practical benevolence, especially to the alleviation of the sorrows of others.

The diligent efforts of the Crown Princess to better the condition of the poor daughters of the educated classes, to further female labor, and her tireless energy in behalf of the wounded and sick, of the widows and orphans of fallen warriors, are well known.

She is a model wife and mother, a most unassuming Princess, a thoroughly educated and intelligent woman, chastened and ennobled by such inward sorrows as the death of her noble father, the loss of her third son, Prince Franz Frederick Sigismund, whom the unsparing reaper, Death, snatched away in the month of June, 1866, just as her husband had taken the field.

The German people will have reason to remember gratefully the influence exerted by the Crown Princess upon her husband in favor of constitutional government, to which she is so intelligently and conscientiously devoted.

#### LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES.

THE hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying, "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest, and gentlest, and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison; indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me, for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then, bursting into tears, he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid."

Then, turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as he could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me! But we must do as he says. Crito, let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared; if not, let the attendant prepare some." "Yes," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and, after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights. Do not hasten, then; there is still time." Socrates said, "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain any thing by drinking the poison a little later. I should be sparing and saving a life that is already gone. I could only laugh at myself for this. Please, then, to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in and remained some time, and then returned with the jailer, carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered, "You have only to walk about till your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said, "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world. May this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me!" Then, holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank of the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now, when we saw him drinking, and saw, too, that he had finished the draught, we would no longer forbear, and, in spite of myself, I own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that

moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke into a loud cry that made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said; "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back according to the directions; and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs, and, after a while, he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel, and he said, "No," and then his leg, and so upward and upward, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face (for he had covered himself up) and said, (these were his last words,) "Crito, I owe a cock to Æsculapius. Will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there any thing else?" There was no answer to this question, but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him. His eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth. Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, the justest, the best of all the men whom I have ever known.

#### PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

I've a home in Elfin land—  
Own a golden region,  
Fairer than was ever told  
In a fairy legend.

Singers bright from every clime  
Meet me at the portal;  
Not the birds that sing for time,  
But the Bards immortal.

Dear interpreters of God,  
Prophets of creation;  
They who write his will to man  
By his inspiration.

O, if aught on earth be true,  
'T is the song of Poet;  
Heart of man, 'tis thou art false!  
When ye fall below it.

Poets, they who see the world  
Not by man degraded,  
But the pure, the Eden world,  
As the Lord once made it;

They who read the human heart,  
(Not as sin enslaves it,)  
By its aspirations high,  
By the faith that saves it,  
These are they that dwell with me  
In this golden region,  
Fairer than was ever told  
In a fairy legend.

There are garlands all the year  
In this garden rosy;  
O, 't is sweet to enter here  
When the world is prosy.

There's a fountain fresh and pure,  
And a flowing river;  
Those who drink or lave therein  
Shall be young forever.

'T is the stream of poesy,  
River of the muses,  
That perpetual life and love  
Through the heart diffuses.

Some there be who have no faith  
In this region fairy,  
Say it is a poet's dream:  
'T is a castle airy.

True as God has made one world  
Practical and real,  
There's another just as true,  
World of the Ideal.

E'en the dull and plodding wight  
Sometimes lifts his glances  
To the poet's dreamful height,  
Shares his bright romances;  
Reaches upward from the night  
Where dull Practice prosed,  
Takes a step on dreamland's height,  
Joins the feast of roses.

There's a sentimental side  
To the soberest project;  
Music oft times wakes the ear  
That is deaf to logic.

Sentiments are embryo facts;  
But the world, unheeding,  
Takes the full-grown, ripened acts,  
But disowns the seeding.

Life indeed does seem a strife  
Harsh and hard with duty;  
But there is a godward side,  
Of poetic beauty.

See it in the budding trees,  
Their wide branches swinging,  
Hear it in the warbled notes  
That the birds are singing.

Come then to my dreamful world,  
To my castle airy!  
Facts are dark and stubborn things,  
Dreams are bright and fairy.



## The Children's Repository.

### SEEING THINGS IN THE RIGHT LIGHT.

"MOTHER!"

"You know, Mrs. Wilson, that I am"—

"Mother! mother!"

"As I was saying I"—

"Mother, I say mother," and the child tugged and pulled energetically at her mother's dress to attract her attention.

"Nellie, mother is talking and wants you to be quiet," answered Mrs. Palmer, turning to the child, and gently unclasping the little hand which still retained its hold upon her dress.

"I want to go home," said the child, beginning to cry.

"But I am not ready to go yet, and you must not tease. I'm ashamed of you. Go sit down at once, and be quiet," and she pushed the child from her toward the stool that Meta Wilson had kindly brought from her play-house for her use.

"I do n't want to," answered the child, still clinging to her mother. "I sha' n't sit down; I want to go home."

Mrs. Palmer turned from her to resume the conversation which the child had interrupted, but the attempt proved useless. The restless, dissatisfied Nellie fretted, and pouted, and tugged at her dress till, in despair, she arose, saying, apologetically, "I am sorry my little girl is so naughty. I suppose, however, there will be no peace unless I humor her. I dare say she is tired, poor child! Go, dear, and say good-by to the little girl," she added, turning to the child, but as Meta came smilingly forward, she turned frowningly away, saying, as before, "I want to go home."

"I am afraid you are not making a very good impression, Nellie," said Mrs. Palmer, as, bidding her friend good-by, she gave her hand to the rebellious child and left the house. No sooner had Nellie gained her point, and found herself out upon the street again, than the fretful look left her face, and she frisked and skipped along by her mother's side in the gayest manner possible.

"That do n't look much like she was tired," said Meta, who was watching her movements from the window.

"Hush, my dear, it is neither polite nor kind

to make remarks about one's visitors after they are gone," said Mrs. Wilson.

"I know it, mother, but I can not help thinking that Nellie Palmer is a naughty, spoiled child."

"Every body has some fault, Meta, but some are more apparent than others, and we must overlook them as much as possible. We all have too many failings ourselves to quarrel with our neighbors about theirs."

"I think it is Mrs. Palmer's own fault. Why did n't she sit still and make Nellie behave herself? You never had any such trouble with us, I'm sure."

"Not just in that way, perhaps," answered Mrs. Wilson with a smile.

"Why, mother, are we not real good children? I'm sure Mrs. Winton said the other day that you had the best behaved children she knew of anywhere," and Meta regarded her mother with a look of surprise.

"I am glad to say, my dear Meta, that I have very little trouble in that respect. Of course you and Harry would not now be guilty of such behavior, for you are older than Nellie; but as you were never disposed to be particularly restless and fretful, it was not as difficult for you to keep quiet as for Nellie. And now, while we are upon this subject, let me tell you of one fault which I am afraid is growing upon you."

"Why, mother, what is it? I am not conscious of any special fault," replied Meta.

"You are more fortunate than other mortals if you have none," answered her mother.

"You are laughing at me, mother," said Meta with a grieved look.

"No, Meta, but I was thinking how truly you betrayed it even in that remark."

"I can not imagine how."

"Well, my dear, I am afraid that you are disposed to think too highly of yourself, and your own good qualities, quite forgetting the evil ones, seeing at the same time the faults of others far too quickly, and neglecting to throw the mantle of charity over them. You are blinded in yourself, Meta; and you ought to know your faults in order to overcome them. There is nothing so likely to help us on in life as self-knowledge. The ancients inscribed upon the walls of the temple at Delphi the words, 'Know thyself,' and nowhere can we find better

counsel or more important advice than in that short sentence."

Meta was silent; she felt the gentle reproof to be just and true.

"And do n't you remember," continued Mrs. Wilson, "that only yesterday, when I asked you to go over to Mrs. Smith's to get a pattern for me, you went very unwillingly?"

"Well, but I was reading, you know, and the book was so interesting I did n't like to leave it."

"And yet you find a great deal of fault with little Nellie because, when her mother wished her to stay, she was determined to go. Do n't you see it is much the same in both cases?"

"Well, yes," said Meta hesitatingly, "but I do think it would be just splendid to do just as I please, with nobody to interfere. I'd enjoy having my own way so much."

"I am afraid you would often go wrong, Meta. At all events, I can safely say you will never see the time when you can always follow your own sweet will. It would not be best, and God does not permit it. We are subject to a higher power as long as we live, and are surrounded by circumstances which often control us whether we will it or not. There is nothing like viewing things in the right light, as you will learn by and by."

Just then Bridget's flushed and excited face appeared at the door. "If ye plaze, ma'am, would ye be afther spakin' to master Henry; I've called him till me spache is gone intirely, and niver a bit will he come."

"Where is he, Bridget?"

"Out in the strate, ma'am, a playin' ball with a hull hape of boys. His father bid him go down to the store at five o'clock to help him fetch up some bundles, and not a step can I make him stir."

"Make another effort, Bridget, and tell him I want to see him immediately," said Mrs. Wilson, and Bridget retired.

A few moments after she was seen issuing from the street door gesturing frantically to Henry, and screaming out his mother's message at the top of her voice. Henry threw down the bat and ball angrily, and prepared to obey.

"O dear!" cried he, entering the room, and flinging his hat on a chair, "how long have I got to be a boy to come at every body's beck and call?"

"My son, is that a proper spirit for you to indulge in?" asked his mother.

"Perhaps not, mother, but I'm so tired of that word *must*. It's, Harry you must do this; you must not do that; you must go here and must not go there. I'm real sick of it, and I just wonder how long I have to be a boy."

"As to that, Henry, a great deal depends upon yourself."

"Upon myself! How can that be? Does not the Bible distinctly assure us that no man by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? I can't make myself grow."

"No, my boy, but some are considered children much longer than others, because they have n't judgment enough to know how to conduct themselves right; and as to the word *must*, to which you have taken such a dislike, you may as well make up your mind to bear it, for you will hear it all your life."

"Indeed, I'll not allow any body to say you must to me when I am a man," answered Henry in a very decided tone.

"You are letting your anger run away with your judgment, and really, my son, I think we will have to consider you a child for some time yet," said Mrs. Wilson.

Henry smiled then, and in a mollified tone replied, "But you do n't know what it is to have to bear it and obey. Nobody says must to grown-up people, and, of course, when I am a man I shall be free from it too."

"I think you are mistaken, Henry. Did you not hear your father tell John he must not let the horse stand in the street without hitching, and did he not tell the gardener he must water the flowers, and must not neglect to weed my beds?"

"Yes," cried Meta, "and did n't mother tell Bridget she must sweep off the front steps every morning, and must not broil the steak to a cinder another time?"

"O, but they are servants, and that's a different matter altogether," answered Henry.

"Mr. Markem is not a servant, is he?" asked Meta.

"Of course not; he is a real gentleman. Did n't you see his splendid new watch and chain?" replied Henry.

Mrs. Wilson smiled at the boy's idea of a real gentleman, and Meta went on to say, "O yes, I saw it, and he dresses finer than any body in the store, and yet papa says must to him, and he does n't get angry either."

"Nonsense! why, he does just as he pleases," said Henry.

"Well, at any rate I heard father tell him he must make out some bills, and must collect the rents, and must not neglect to post up the books."

"He is not obliged to obey like a boy, though," retorted Henry.

"Father would n't be likely to keep him so long if he rebelled when he told him he must do any thing, would he, mother?"

"I think not," answered Mrs. Wilson; "and in every station in life we find that word confronting us. If you ever do become a man, Henry, there is scarcely any thing in which you can engage where your own wishes will not sometimes come in contact with those of another. To overcome that feeling of resentment against every thing that does not just suit you, will be a life work, if you do not begin it while you are young."

That evening, at the tea-table, Mr. Wilson announced his intention of going South on business on the following day. Every one looked sad at the prospect of a separation, and Mrs. Wilson asked if he could not as well send one of his clerks.

"No," said he, "the business is important, and though I regret leaving home very much, I must do so."

Meta looked at Henry as their father spoke, and, glancing from her to his mother, he saw a look of intelligence pass between them.

"I understand," said he, "you want me to observe that even father must sometimes do that which he would rather leave to other hands, and, as I can hardly expect to be a greater or better man than he, I suppose I may as well make up my mind, after all, to quit grumbling because I can not get out of the way of a word I do n't like, yet must hear and obey as well as other people older and wiser than I. The great trouble, after all, is that it always takes me so long to see things in the right light."

"I wonder," said Meta, "if a great many people are not troubled in the same way."

#### SUSPICION.

WHEN I was very young I began to go out sometimes to nurse a baby, or run on errands for the neighbors, but when I was about fourteen I got my first situation away from home, with some young people of the name of Green, who had lately set up in business. I was quite proud of my place, and very comfortable in it; for on the whole my mistress was kind, and I was very fond of the baby, a dear little fellow about a year old. Well, one Sunday evening—I had been there, I think, about two months—I had been out to church, and when I came back I began to lay the supper. Mistress was sitting by the table, and to amuse baby, who had been fretful, she was spinning a half-eagle. Just as I came in with the tray I heard her say, "There, baby, it's gone!" and I heard the money drop, as I thought, under the fender. When I had put

down the tray I went to look for it, and mistress looked too, but we could see it nowhere. As soon as master came in he took the baby, and then mistress and I searched again. We looked inside the fender, and under it, and under the hearth-rug and the table, and in every corner, but could not find it anywhere. At last mistress said it must be among the ashes, and we stirred them about with the poker, but there was such a quantity that it might easily have been there without our finding it in that way. So mistress said I must sift them carefully when I took them up in the morning, and no doubt it would be found. Soon after I went to bed.

The next morning I got up rather early; I had no doubt of finding the money, yet I felt as though I should be glad when it really was found. The first thing I did was to sift the ashes; it certainly was not there. Then I turned up the carpet, examined the joinings of the boards, searched in every likely and every unlikely place I could think of, but I could not find it. It was a long time before I began to feel frightened. I knew it must be somewhere, and thought I should surely find it; but at last I got very uncomfortable, and stood still in utter perplexity, or looked hopelessly in the same places over and over again. When my mistress came down to breakfast she asked directly had I found the money. When I told her I had searched every-where but could not find it, she first looked surprised, and then I saw by a sudden change in her countenance that she suspected me of having found and kept it. The very thought made me turn red, and I dare say I had a guilty-looking face.

After breakfast my mistress called me up again, and directly charged me with the theft. I cried bitterly and protested my innocence, but it was no use. The money, she said, could not have gone without hands, and no one had been in the room but me. Then she urged me to confess, and promised, if I told all the truth, she would forgive me; but of course I could not confess what I had not done. At last she said she was going to the nursery, and I must look again until I found it. I knew what this meant: mistress was convinced I had it, and thought I should now bring it back, and say I had found it. I don't know whether I looked any more—I think not. I thought it would be all the same even if I found it; and, indeed, I did not know where to look, for I had already looked every-where.

But I don't want to make a long story—I hardly like to think of it even now. The end was, my mistress paid me a week's wages

instead of notice, and told me to go. I begged and entreated to be searched, and to have my things searched, but she would not listen. I left the week's wages just where she had put it, and went home—went home to my poor mother lying ill in bed, having lost my place and lost my character.

It was a long time before I could get another place. I do not think that my mistress said any thing about the lost money, but people guessed from my leaving so suddenly that something was wrong. At length my kind Sunday-school teacher, to whom I had told all, and who believed me, found me a place. It was not nearly so comfortable as the one I had lost: the work was very hard, and my new mistress very cross; but I was determined to stay long enough to earn a good character. So I remained fifteen months, and then went to a better situation, which I left after two years, to enter the service of a family I shall ever remember with grateful affection; with them I remained until I married.

Six years afterward I received a letter from my mother, saying that my first mistress had called upon her to ask about me, and to say I was perfectly innocent—the money had been found. The fender used in that parlor—how well I can remember it even now!—was one of those old-fashioned painted fenders with brass round the bottom and the top. Soon after I left a new fender was bought, and this was laid aside in a room where lumber was kept. Six years after, on moving to another house, Mrs. Green was in the lumber-room seeing the things taken out. In lifting the fender one of the men gave it a blow, and out from the brass at the bottom rolled the lost half-eagle. Strange as it may seem, it must have so slipped between the brass and the iron of the fender as to have become fixed until loosened by the blow.

This circumstance of my early life has led me to be slow to suspect others, even on what seems strong evidence.

#### SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

"MAMMA," said a little girl of about nine years of age, "I wish very much to do something this year, but I do not know what; can you tell me any thing?"

"Yes, Emily," said her mamma, "I know a very good way. Try every day to do something good or kind. Do not let one day pass without doing so."

"Thank you, mamma, I will."

"Stay, Emily, not so fast," interrupted Mrs.

Raymond; "you will have to deny yourself sometimes."

"Yes, I know I shall; but still I will try. And, mamma, Alice Newman has a New-Year's text which she tries to practice every day; I should like one also."

"Which one would you like?"

Emily pondered for a little while, when she looked up and said:

"I have thought of one, mamma."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Be clothed with humility," Emily answered.

"And a very nice text, indeed, my dear."

After a little more conversation, Emily ran out with her hoop. She had not gone far when she met a little girl crying. On asking what was the matter, Emily learned that Polly Saunders had been sent by her mother to fetch some water from the well with the only jug the family possessed, but, as she was going, she trod on some ice, and stumbled and fell, breaking the jug to pieces. She did not like to return, for her mother was very poor, and Polly had no money of her own with which to buy another jug.

Emily was very much grieved at Polly's misfortune, and wished to help her, but could not think how to do so. Suddenly the thought came into her head that, as her papa had given her a shilling the day before, she might give it to Polly to replace her jug; but she instantly tried to banish this thought, for she meant to buy some doll's shoes with the money. Then she thought of her resolution of doing something kind every day, and, bidding the little girl wait, she ran to the house and returned with the shilling.

"There," said she, giving it to Polly, "is some money to buy another jug."

Polly's eyes overflowed with tears, and she was beginning to thank her little benefactress warmly; but Emily, knowing that her own besetting sin was love of praise, ran away.

In the evening Mrs. Raymond asked her daughter if she had done any kind action that day.

Emily answered, "Yes, mamma."

"Well, dear, what was it?"

"Mamma," said the little girl, "I would rather not tell you."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Because," answered Emily, "I do not want to seek to be praised, for you know I must try to 'be clothed with humility.'"

Every day Emily prayed for help to keep her resolutions, and, we need scarcely add, she succeeded.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

CONSECRATED LOOKING-GLASSES.—This is the title of a tract in which Dr. Crosby lifts up an earnest and solemn testimony against the folly and sin of extravagance in dress, which is more than tolerated in our day, even among women professing godliness. He notices that Moses made the beautiful laver out of the looking-glasses of the women, the polished brazen mirrors, which, before the invention of glass mirrors, performed their functions in private and domestic life.

This fact is highly significant. A certain attention to the toilette is necessary to meet the demands of cleanliness and neatness in both sexes; but that which may be rightly used for the modest purposes of neatness and cleanliness may easily be abused for the immodest purposes of vanity and display. This has always been one of the peculiar temptations of women; and the mirrors, as the chief instruments in the abuse, might well be taken as the emblem of it. The use of these mirrors, therefore, in the construction of the laver, among other lessons, most emphatically called those from whom they were taken to abandon the vanity of selfish adornment, for the cultivation of holiness of heart and life. The laver continually urged the admonition which an apostle puts into words, "Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man [or personality] of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"If I were called," says Dr. Crosby, "to point out the most alarming sins in this city to-day—those which are most wide-spread in their ravages, most deceitful in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would mention the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, inrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshiper of self."

The love of outward adornment gives greatest prominence to the body, which is but vanity, to the neglect of the soul, in which the graces of the Spirit should shine forth to God's glory. It is the empty

mind that loves most to adorn the body. And, besides the injury to the person who indulges in it, she lends herself to turn the heads of fools into a false course of emulation, and to reduce women to rivalry with peacocks.

This folly involves a wretched waste of time and money. The diary of a fashionable woman would be a record of hours spent before the looking-glass, and the rest of the day for which such preparation is made is devoted to frivolity. As with time, so with money. By actual computation, the sum expended by a fashionable lady in dress and ornament would suitably clothe twenty of the most refined of her sex. The waste is fearful where it can be afforded. But, alas! where in one case it can be afforded, in a thousand it leads to debt, domestic jars, and even bankruptcy.

But, beyond all other considerations, God's reiterated command prohibits the folly, as ill becoming the dignity of Christian character, and hostile to all the dispositions and affections of the new nature. The three glories of a woman, her triple crown—modesty, truth, and sympathy—are sacrificed to this passion. For modesty, we have the brazen stare which challenges notice, if not admiration; for truth, we have the perpetual lie of fashionable society; and for sympathy, the headlong plunge after selfish indulgences.

"I see the Christian Church invaded by this fatal iniquity; I see Christian mothers justifying it on every hand, and Christian daughters dragged into the vortex by the very hands that ought to have been thrown around them for protection; I see the influence of this self-decoration extending itself over all classes and conditions of society, like a subtle poison eating out the life of Christianity, and leaving the mere name. And seeing this, I can not, as a minister of Jesus Christ, keep silent."

Well, surely, may Dr. Crosby ask women who are parties to such iniquity, "Can you be a Christian? Are you bound to Jesus, the Lord, by the blood-bought ties of a renewed affection? Have you received the Holy Spirit, the sweet earnest of heavenly glory? How can I believe it? How can you believe it, when you acknowledge that the world's glittering vanities are your fascinations?"

He also wisely points to the true remedy in a more intimate knowledge of Jesus, clearer discoveries of his perfections, a closer walk with him, and more deep communion with his love. This is what

will draw believers over to a presentation of their body as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable service. This is the Divine affection which will expel the ignoble passion, and constrain us to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again.

**PROFANITY AND SLANG.**—Those who have been bred to use the English language have but little need to resort to profanity, which is sinful, or to slang, which is simply vulgar, in order fitly to express their sentiments—provided always those sentiments be lawful. "From the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh," and if the heart be filled with curses, anger, malice, and all sorts of devilish suggestions, cursing and vulgarity will naturally proceed therefrom. Many indulge in profanity, however, from mere carelessness. At some inconsiderate period of life they have fallen into the habit of swearing, and, as we are all governed by habits, good or bad, they have never taken pains to correct it. So with the use of slang phrases. At first they are repeated with a sort of smartness; and afterward their use becomes habitual. As most of the popular specifics of the day were once "patent medicines," so a slang word or phrase, which at first meets with limited currency, becomes a "household word" in whole communities. Thus language is corrupted and wrested from its original intent.

Traveling on steam-boats, or dropping, as occasion offered, into taverns and saloons, our ears have been agonized by fellows speaking to each other in ordinary tones, on ordinary matters, when "every other word was an oath," apparently without even the slightest notion that they were swearing. It was their usual mode of conversing—in fact, they have seemed to know no better way, such was their unfortunate education. It is thus with "slangwhangers," frequently, in employing the stereotyped phrases of the prize ring, the thieves, the "bad classes" of the country, they seem all unconscious of the fact. "A gentleman and a scholar," whose speech abounds in such blemishes, is entirely without excuse; while one may overlook these faults in the language of those who know no better.

Perhaps we, whose mother tongue is the rich, comprehensive language of England, with pure Saxon for its base, and the terminals and derivations from all the best of ancient and modern tongues for superstructure, are less excusable than most other peoples if we resort to the use of profanity or slang, in order to communicate our thoughts. The language in which Burke spoke his mellifluous and sparkling thoughts; Dr. Johnson gave vent to his magnificent tropes and figures; Addison wrote his chaste Ionic, sententious essays, and "our own poets," Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and others, have proven rich enough to comprise the nice expression of all ideas, whether lucid or complex, is certainly strong and comprehensive enough to serve all the linguistic purposes of a people, whose rich heritage it is to possess it. Let every young man so educate himself in the use of language that he may always be able to speak

well, and to the point, without violating the rules of sound morality or of good taste.

**WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?**—The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, and steamed with bed-clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in Summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight.

A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings and thick, double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh, and blood, and bone, and constitution, goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which may disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice; to accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it.

The clothing of children should be adapted, on principles of common sense, to protect their health and not made scant, for the gratification of a parent's vanity. The neck and arms of a child are, indeed, exquisitely soft and beautiful; yet the delicate skin, which fond mothers are so anxious to show uncovered, is sensitive in the extreme to the action of cold, and hardly any practice can be worse than to allow bare necks and limbs. Many a child is thus killed by the folly which exposes parts of the person which are carefully protected in adults. A little more common sense, mothers, more sleeves, and sacks, and high dresses, and less vanity and fashion, and you will have fewer little graves to weep over.

**HOW TO HEAL FAMILY TROUBLES.**—You have heard of that king of Spain, on whose foot a burning cinder fell out of the fire. He would have thrown it off, but it occurred to him that it was not seemly for a king to do so; he therefore called his minister. The minister said that it was not his business, and gave the command to one of the pages; the page was of noble birth, and therefore called a chamberlain; but before he could come the cinder had burnt the shoe through to the foot. So, many a grief has been left to scorch, and burn, and blister those who have said, "It is n't my place to take the first step," and so the cinder has kept burning.

Reader, when a grief, like a red-hot cinder, falls upon your heart, do not stop to think whose proper duty it is to remove it, otherwise your heart may be burnt through and through. Seize it boldly, with

our Lord's help, and throw it away, even though finger and thumb should be a little burnt; that hurt will soon heal, and you will be at rest once more.

**MOTHERLY ADVICE.**—Mary Clarke, wife of the learned Adam Clarke, was the mother of six sons and six daughters; and the love she bore to them would astonish many of those who are "without natural affection," in these last perilous days. She once wrote: "My dear little ones engross by far the largest portion of my time; and the pleasing satisfaction which results from nursing them is my greatest reward. Next to my husband, I view them as the most precious boon of heaven; and I do heartily love them as the gift of God. Neither can you, I am sure, conceive the tender feelings of a mother's breast. I would not be without these children for all the earth could offer." To one of her sons she wrote the following instructive words: "Do nothing carelessly, and then, I venture to say, that with the ability you have, you will do most things well. Be exact in all you do, nor let the least matter pass you unexamined. In your reading, too, investigate your subject, and be not satisfied with skimming on the surface of things, nor make an attempt to grasp the whole without attending to every part in order. Paying attention to particulars, as well as to generalities, will by degrees give you a habit of mental observation, while, at the same time, it will deepen your knowledge. But endeavor to gain heavenly wisdom. Do not forget to bear your needs and your heart in private before God, that he may grant you his grace, and direct all your future path in life."

**SUNNY ROOMS.**—Every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of available sunshine during the cold Winter months. Great care is taken to get a southern exposure for them. Indeed, if one can secure no other than a north window for her plants, she has too much love for these unconscious, inanimate things to keep them at all. She would sooner leave them in the cold to die outright, than linger out a martyr existence in the shade. Folks need sunshine quite as much as plants do. Men and women who have a fair degree of strength, and the use of their legs, can get out into the world and get a glimpse of sunshine now and then, and if they choose to do so, let them live in rooms with only a northern exposure; but if it is possible, let us secure rooms into which every ray of sunshine that falls in Winter may enter, for the little babies who are shut up in the house, invalids who can not leave their rooms, and aged people who are too infirm to get out of doors. Let us reflect for a moment that these classes of persons, if kept in rooms with only north windows, will suffer just as much from the absence of sunshine as green, growing plants would do in the same rooms, and their suffering is of account in proportion as a human being is better than a geranium or a fuchsia. Every body knows how a bright, sunny day in Winter gladdens every one who is situated so as to enjoy it. Let us make some sacrifices, if need be, in order to give the feeble ones their measure of sunshine.

**RELIGION FOR THE DAY.**—"The Divinity, the Atonement, the Intercession of Jesus Christ, are truths for all times, and, alas, for the time which lets them go, or which holds them with a feeble grasp! It may be questioned, however, if the peculiar life to which these truths are the introduction—that high and holy life of which Christ is the model, and of which the Holy Spirit is the source—is sufficiently dwelt upon in the ministrations of the pulpit, and whether there is effort enough to attain it in the case of individual believers. Christianity is a high calling, and if we might name any paramount object for ministerial ambition in the present day, it would be such a setting forth of Christian character, and such an enforcement of New Testament ethics as might, with God's blessing, re-appear in eminent piety, in a religion at once lowly and kindly, unselfish and upright, yet considerate and tender-hearted, wise in its ardor, and cheerful in its obedience, true to the Bible, true to the brethren, true to the Master, true to itself, and, however attached to its immediate communion, not hostile to others, and growing daily fitted for the highest of all."—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

**A SHARER WITH CHRIST.**—It is a sweet, joyful thing to be a sharer with Christ in any thing. All enjoyments wherein he is not are bitter to a soul that loves him, and all sufferings with him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; his afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, his "reproach" more glorious than their honors, and more rich than treasures, as Moses accounted them. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in the hardest and harshest things, which have not any thing in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love. What does the world by its hatred and persecution, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like him, give me a greater share with him in that which he did so willingly undergo for me? "When he was sought for to be made a king," as St. Bernard remarks, "he escaped; but when he was brought to the cross he freely yielded himself." And shall I shrink and creep back from what he calls me to suffer for his sake? Yea, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble, obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up my will to my Father's.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

**"LEADING MEN."**—It is customary to speak of sundry men in the Church of Christ as leading men—that is, they go before others, and make and second the motions which others vote for. It should not be forgotten, however, that a man in a Christian Church, who really deserves the name of a "leading man," serves the Church. He moves and goes in the right direction, and determines others in that direction. As Baxter well remarks: Church greatness consists in being greatly serviceable. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

## Contemporary Literature.

**EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY.** By E. De Presense, D. D. Translated by Annie Harwood. THE MARTYRS AND APOLOGISTS. 12mo. Pp. 654. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is the second volume of the series of five, in which the author is to give to the world one of the very best portraiture of early Christianity which has appeared this century. The series includes his "Life of Christ," and extends, thus, from the birth of the Redeemer to the imperial establishment of his religion under Constantine. The volumes may be purchased as a series or as separate volumes. As we intend to have much more to say of this admirable book in a subsequent number, we know of nothing better or more appreciative to say now, than to give our readers the "note of the American Publishers:"

"As a work equally suited for the scholar and the popular reader, the entire series is, perhaps, without a rival. The learned author has drawn his materials from the original sources. His work is, for that reason, quoted with profound respect by the standard writers of our day. At the same time his style is so free, fresh, and eloquent, his criticisms are so redolent of deep and genuine sympathy with the Christian cause, with its heroes, martyrs, and defenders, and his doctrinal prepossessions are so thoroughly in harmony with both the ancient and modern evangelical views, that we know no history of early Christianity so worthy to be spread broadcast among the American people.

"Of the series of the Early Years of Christianity the topics of the four volumes are as follows: I. APOSTOLIC ERA, which has already been issued; II. MARTYRS AND APOLOGISTS, which is now presented to the reader; III. DOCTRINES AND HERESIES; and IV. THE CHURCH WORSHIP AND CHRISTIAN LIFE."

The present volume, which is one of thrilling interest, like the preceding, has been specially prepared for the English edition, and the thanks of the Church are due to Annie Harwood for the most excellent translation. The volume is divided into three sections, yet forms one whole, as its one theme is the great conflict of Primitive Christianity with Paganism. The first section gives the narrative of the missions and persecutions of the Church; the second treats of its most illustrious representatives, and brings out their distinctive characteristics; it is entitled "The Fathers of the Church of the Second and Third Centuries." The third section describes the great controversial conflict of Christianity, and contains a complete outline of the Apology of the Early Church. An admirable feature of the volume is the full index of subjects and authors. Get the book and read it, and it will feed your soul and warm

your heart; it will confirm your faith and animate your zeal; it will teach you to understand Christianity better, and to love it more, as you witness the fierce fight of faith through which it has maintained its life in the world.

**THE LAND OF THE VEDA: Being Personal Reminiscences of India.** By Rev. William Butler, D. D. Royal 8vo. Pp. 550. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Beautiful, substantial, interesting, and valuable are the epithets we feel disposed to apply to this book. Our readers are well acquainted with Dr. Butler, the author, through the admirable articles on India which he has been furnishing to the Repository. To these articles the Doctor has here added much more, written in the same flowing style and of equal interest. India is truly the land of wonders, and no one in recent times has better described and illustrated these wonders than has Dr. Butler. His word-painting is admirable, and to the illustration of scenes thus depicted, he has here also brought to his help the power of the photographer and the engraver's art. The illustrations are in steel and wood, forty-two in number, and taken from actual photographs of the objects. Its contents treat of the people, castes, Thugs, and Fakirs—of the religions, mythology, principal monuments, palaces, and mausoleums, together with the incidents of the great Sepoy Rebellion, and its results to Christianity and civilization. The volume is a most valuable contribution to the literature of India, and has special interest to us as coming more directly from our own mission field in that great country. In its mechanical execution it is excellent. It is also remarkable in its cheapness; only for peculiarly favoring circumstances it could not be issued in this style for much less than double the present price. We hope the volume will have the large circulation it deserves.

**THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.** Selected and Edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Wilmott. With English and American Additions, Arranged by Evert A. Duyckinck. Square 8vo. Pp. 674. New York: Harper & Brothers, Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is the handsomest book that has yet reached our table for the season. It is printed on heavy toned paper, bound in heavy morocco, beveled edges, full gilt, and is embellished with one hundred and forty-one engravings drawn by eminent artists. Of the choice contents we need say but little; both editors have displayed great tact and taste in the selection of their materials and in the arrangement. The selections are from the British and American poets of the present century, from Beattie to Swinburne in England, and from Bryant to Bret Harte in



America. The British poets are illustrated by British artists, and the American poets by American artists. Altogether it is an admirable representation of English and American literature and art as they exist in the present day.

**SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY AND THE SOCIAL.** *By an Epicure. Redressed and Compounded with Sundry Additional Esculents, Succulents, and Condiments. Illustrated with Fifty-two Original Designs.* 8vo. Pp. 526. \$4 to \$9. Sold Exclusively by Subscription. New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co.

This is not a new book, making its first venture in the world, but has already had a sale in this country and England of more than thirty thousand copies, and has delighted thousands of homes and readers. The publishers have redressed, combined, and garnished it afresh, and brought forth the savory contents in a superb and excellent style. Mechanically it is an elegant and substantial volume: it is printed on heavy, toned paper, in large, clear type, and is bound, even in its cheapest form, in richly ornamented cloth. The illustrations are very superior, from designs by Fredericks, Nast, Stephens, Eytinge, and others. The contents of the volume fully deserve this rich setting. The book is almost indescribable from its very excellence. Its title is happily chosen; but who can describe a salad? who tell of the combined flavors of meats, vegetables, acids, sweets, oils, sauces, and condiments which go to the making up of a perfect salad? Yet such is the book before us.

"O, herbaceous treat!

'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;  
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,  
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl."

The book fairly sparkles with humor and curious information. Its contents are not only various in kind, it is full of variety in its treatment, making "a delectable conglomerate of good things." It is redolent with choice facts, and thoughts, and paragraphs from old and out-of-the-way authors, showing a perfect familiarity with the best literature of the world. It is a book of gems; every page contains something really rich and rare. The articles are just long enough, too, to give the reader a full feast at each sitting. We cordially commend it to lovers of good reading.

**THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS.** *By Paul Du Chaillu. Numerous Engravings.* 12mo. Pp. 314. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Another book from the indefatigable Du Chaillu, full of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes in Africa, that land of wonders, of which we have read so much, and of which so much is yet to be known. In this volume the author claims to have found the land of the dwarfs, and to have found the dwarfs themselves, and to have eaten, talked, and slept with them. A wonderful race of Pigmies they are, if all the author says of them is true. At all events the book is a lively, captivating portraiture of scenes and people in Equatorial Africa. The boys will devour it with a relish.

**DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.** *By Rev. F. O. Morris, B. A., Author of "A History of British Birds," etc.* Quarto. Pp. 184. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The title describes the book, but not the elegant style in which it is issued. It is quite a history of "dogdom," containing "a thousand and one" marvelous things that have been done by these sagacious creatures. The paper, printing, illustrations, and binding are superb.

**THE NEW-YEAR'S BARGAIN.** *By Susan Coolidge. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard.* 12mo. Pp. 230. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A very handsome and a very humorous book which will delight the little folks at this season of the year, and the older folks, we are sure, will find a rich relish in it.

**AUNT DEBORAH'S LIBRARY.** *Six Vols. 18mo.* New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Six beautiful little blue-backed volumes that will make glad the hearts of the children, both by their beauty and by the rich and varied contents which they furnish to the little reader. They are written by different authors, all of them well known and popular among the children.

**FOOT-PRINTS OF ROGER WILLIAMS.** *By Rev. Z. A. Mudge, Author of "Witch Hill," etc.* 16mo. Pp. 285. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Every American youth ought to read the life of Roger Williams, one of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and a man who impressed his character and work on the great nation that has come after him. This little volume is a concise and well-written biography, and gives not only the life of the man, but also the important events in early New England history with which he was connected. Mr. Mudge is doing a good work in putting these early historical matters into a convenient and attractive form for young people.

**HISTORY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.** *By John S. C. Abbott.* 16mo. Pp. 405. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Blessed are the youth of this day, who have knowledge brought to them in forms so convenient and varied; and blessings, we say, on the men and women who are so industriously preparing such interesting and valuable literature for young people. This volume presents one of the most interesting characters of modern history, portrayed by one of the most captivating biographers and historians of modern times. Louis Philippe came up out of the stormy times of the French Revolution, and his life covers the most eventful period in French history. The book is full of thrilling interest, and also of instructive suggestions. Let the young people by all means get it and read it.

FROM M'LOUGHLIN BROTHERS, NEW YORK.—These series of paper-covered books are on our table; the books are for young children, and are neatly printed and gayly illustrated. The first series consists of six little books of "Watts' Juvenile Songs," bearing such titles as "Watts' Songs Against Evil," "Watts' Songs Against Faults," etc. Another series of larger size is entitled "Half Hours with the Bible,"

and contains the "Story of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," "The Story of Moses," "The Story of Joshua," etc., covering the Old Testament history. A still larger series embraces the leading incidents of the New Testament. They are all very neat and beautiful books for the children. These publishers take great pains in issuing the smaller kinds of books for the very little ones, and deserve success.

### Editor's Table.

ANOTHER MAGAZINE.—A month ago we had occasion to say a few things in regard to magazine literature in relation to denominational publications. Much more might be said, but in the present article we wish to consider the subject in direct reference to our own Church, and to look at the question, "Should we have another monthly magazine for our Church?" In the question we must lay emphasis upon the words "for our Church," both with regard to the need and the character of the supposed magazine, and with regard to its circulation. Let us look at the last thought first; namely, the question of circulation.

We are convinced, as we said a month ago, that denominational literature must be almost wholly confined for circulation to its own denomination. In addition to the difficulties in the way of general circulation already noticed, we must look at some special difficulties growing out of our peculiar system. Methodism is a grand system, needing but little mending, if we could only carry it out in its fullness. For the circulation of literature among our people, we have a method giving us great advantages over other denominations. Theoretically every Methodist minister is an agent for the circulation of our books and periodicals; and if every preacher felt a weight of responsibility resting upon him in this respect, and would meet it, there could be no better method for securing denominational circulation. Even as it is, it has so many advantages, that any proposed changes with regard to it should be weighed very carefully.

But it also has great disadvantages. In the first place, a large number of ministers do not accept the responsibility: many pay no attention whatever to the circulation of books, and give a mere formal notice with regard to the circulation of the periodicals. And this number seems to be constantly increasing; and what is a very serious feature of the case, it is the preachers of cities and large towns, where we should have our greatest circulation, who more than others are feeling this part of their responsibility lightly. In the second place, this method almost entirely cuts off the publishers from adopting any other system. The Agents of the Book Concern have no right to disregard or interfere with this established method of the Church, and hitherto it has seemed impossible to devise any additional plan

which might work harmoniously with the established method. Premiums, clubs, clubbing with other magazines or papers, news agencies, private solicitors, all interfere immediately with the regular method. But we can not pursue this matter farther.

Unless the General Conference can devise some more general plan, we are shut up to this method, with its advantages and disadvantages. As it is, we wish it to be noticed that it is a denominational method, and secures only a denominational circulation. As such it has enabled our Church to succeed in periodical literature far beyond any other, securing for all our papers and magazines a circulation not far from 200,000. It is evident that the question of another magazine largely involves this question of circulation, and before venturing further the subject must be carefully canvassed by the General Conference in this respect.

We reach thus two facts: first, our method of obtaining subscribers, as well as other uncontrollable influences, limits us almost entirely to our own denomination; second, a circulation of 200,000 papers and magazines in our Church is a large circulation. We have not many more than 250,000 families represented in our Church membership; evidently a very large majority of these families are receiving either a paper or magazine or both.

Then, again, the kind of periodical literature already circulating in our Church has a large bearing on the question of "another magazine." We have ten official weekly papers, besides four or five closely connected with the Church, and almost exclusively circulating in it. Nearly all these papers are large eight-paged sheets, full of a great variety of matter touching almost every thing of human interest, and containing, in the course of the year, a vast amount of such literature as used to be confined to magazines. Then we have the "prince of the Quarterlies," in favor of which we could say much, and against which we can say nothing, except that its circulation is too small, and it does not come often enough. Then we have the "Repository and Home Magazine," with a circulation of thirty thousand, and a variety of matter far exceeding the general notion of the men of our Church, from the simple reason that because it bears the title "Ladies' Repository," they suppose it is *only* for the ladies, and fail to ex-

amine it. And now the question returns: with a system of circulation which confines us to our own Church, and with the supply of papers and magazines already in existence, does the Church need and will it sustain another magazine?

We are disposed to think there is still an unsatisfied need in the Church, and that it is to be met either by a modification of what we have, or by "another magazine." The need is not that of general popular literature. Our papers and magazine supply this, or with a little modification could be made to do so. The need is not that of high scholastic literature; we have that in our Quarterly. The thing wanted is a periodical in which the living questions of the day in the departments of criticism, science, Church polity, theology, political economy, etc., can be discussed more fully and ably than they can be in the weekly paper, or in the popular monthly magazine. There is not room for such articles in the weekly, and their weight would break down a popular family magazine. For such a literature we need either a new magazine, and if of the character indicated, so as not to rival, but to supplement the other periodicals, we believe it could be sustained; or we need a modification of the Repository and Quarterly Review to meet it; and this we can not help thinking would be better than another magazine.

The new want, in this case, would have to be met by the Quarterly chiefly, not by doing away with any thing that it is, but by issuing it monthly instead of quarterly, and admitting into it this enlarged variety of matter. We would not have in it in the course of the year one particle less of the excellent, learned articles and reviews which it now contains, but would add to these many more articles more popular, and more addressed to the needs of the general reader. At the same time let the Repository become still more a magazine of general popular literature for the whole family, men as well as women. Of course we are finding no fault with the Quarterly; we are justly proud of it in its present form and management; but the Church ought to be willing to forego a little scholarly pride in its behalf, while we would not lose out of it any of its present excellence, in order to gain a wider usefulness, and to supply a felt want in our Church, and to meet a necessity of the age, which has surely so advanced that what a Quarterly satisfied a score of years ago, can only be satisfied now by a monthly. Perhaps a large share of the real difficulty lies just here; namely, that quarterlies do not come often enough to meet the wants of the moving, thinking, working age in which we live; and, probably, exactly the want of our Church would be met by issuing our masterly quarterly every month, in different style and form, yet retaining all its present excellencies, with the addition of other articles specially addressed to the more advanced thought of our preachers and people. In this way all the excellent and learned articles of the present Quarterly could still be issued in the course of the year, and with them, articles of such general interest as would carry them to perhaps twenty thousand subscribers instead of four or five thousand.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1872.—The General Missionary Committee, at its annual meeting, appropriated the following sums to the various mission fields for the year 1872:

## I. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Liberia.....	\$10,837 50
China.....	27,329 22
Germany and Switzerland.....	32,500 00
Scandinavia.....	34,016 40
India.....	92,280 00
Bulgaria.....	2,500 00
Mexico.....	12,500 00
Italy.....	12,500 00
Japan.....	12,500 00

Total for Foreign Missions.....\$242,863 12

## II. DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

1. Foreign Populations.....	\$59,600 00
2. English-Speaking Work.....	285,800 00
3. Missions not in Conferences.....	22,000 00

Total for Home Work.....\$367,400 00

## III. MISCELLANEOUS.

Contingent Fund.....	\$25,000 00
Incidental Expenses.....	15,000 00
Office Expenses.....	15,000 00
Missionary Advocate.....	20,000 00

Total.....\$75,000 00

## AGGREGATE.

Foreign.....	\$242,863 12
Home.....	367,400 00
Miscellaneous.....	75,000 00

Grand total.....\$685,263 12

STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR 1871.—We present below a summary of the statistical condition of the Church at the close of the Conferences for the year 1871, gleaned from the Annual Minutes which have just reached our table:

Conferences.....	73
Bishops.....	6
Traveling Preachers.....	9,699
Members.....	1,231,008
Probationers.....	190,315
Members not in Conferences.....	5,369
Total Membership.....	1,436,397
Increase.....	56,564
Local Preachers.....	11,382
Sunday-School.....	17,555
Officers and Teachers.....	193,979
Scholars.....	1,267,742
Volumes in Library.....	2,731,456
Churches.....	13,440 $\frac{3}{4}$
Value.....	\$56,911,900
Parsonages.....	4,309
Value.....	\$7,786,804
Baptisms—Adults.....	65,770
“ Infants.....	54,517

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

Conference Claimants.....	\$141,144 99
Missionary.....	617,310 11
Church Extension.....	74,643 36
Tract Society.....	21,445 21
American Bible Society.....	84,107 29
Sunday-School Union.....	23,159 47
Freedmen's Aid Society.....	24,000 00

Total Benevolent Contributions.....\$1,005,800 43

This table presents some very interesting and encouraging results, and others that are suggestive and instructive. It exhibits first an increase of 506 in the itinerant ministerial force, and an increase of 56,564 in the membership of the Church, and this, too, notwithstanding the number of probationers shows a decrease of 6,720. Fifteen of the Conferences show a decrease in membership. There has been an increase of 643 Sunday-schools, and of 46,-

349 scholars. There has been an increase of 700 church buildings, giving more than 13 for each week, or more than two and a quarter for each working day in the year. The increase in the value of church edifices is \$4,297,309. There has been also an increase of 130 parsonages, and an increased value of parsonage property of \$493,291, showing that our members have contributed during the year for church and parsonage building \$4,790,600. The total value of church and parsonage property is \$64,698,704. This increase has been at the rate of about \$400,000 per month, over \$92,000 per week, and over \$13,000 per day. The average value of church edifices is a little over \$4,000 each. There has been an increase of 4,064 baptisms of children. The tables in the General Minutes will show a decrease of \$24,172.11 in the missionary collections, but the report of the Treasurer, given at the recent Anniversary, shows an increase of \$11,609.99. Both reports are correct; that of the Treasurer accurately so; that of the Annual Conferences as accurate as such statistical items can be made. The discrepancy appears only from the fact that the two reports do not cover the same period of time. The reports rendered at the Conferences cover the time between two successive sessions of those bodies respectively, while the receipts at the treasury uniformly extend from the first day of November in one year, to the 31st day of October in the year following. From the Treasurer's books it appears that the missionary cause is again rallying in the affections of the people, and that for the last three years there has been a gradual increase in the contributions. The total benevolent contributions of the Church for the year reach about \$1,200,000. Thus it will be seen that our people, besides sustaining the ministry, and the current expenses of their respective Churches and Sunday-schools, and local missions, have contributed for church property and benevolent objects about \$6,000,000, being an average of a little more than four dollars for each member. The Church has evidently, during the past few years, been devoting a vast amount of her resources in church building; this, in most cases, has been a necessity; the hundredth year of Methodism would very naturally bring us in many places to the second and third generation of church edifices, making their renewal at the present period a matter of necessity. In meeting this necessity of the period, our people improved in taste and enriched in resources, are supplanting the worn-out churches with new and more substantial ones. We may expect, therefore, relief in this department in a few years more, and then will probably witness, at least in the older portions of the work, a large increase in the contributions to the benevolent enterprises of the Church.

**DEATH OF BISHOP BAKER.**—We are called upon to record another breach in our Episcopal Board, the fourth during the current quadrennium. The death of Bishop Baker, however, has been long anticipated. In 1865, while in the midst of his Episcopal duties, and apparently in the prime of manhood and of vigor, he was struck with paralysis

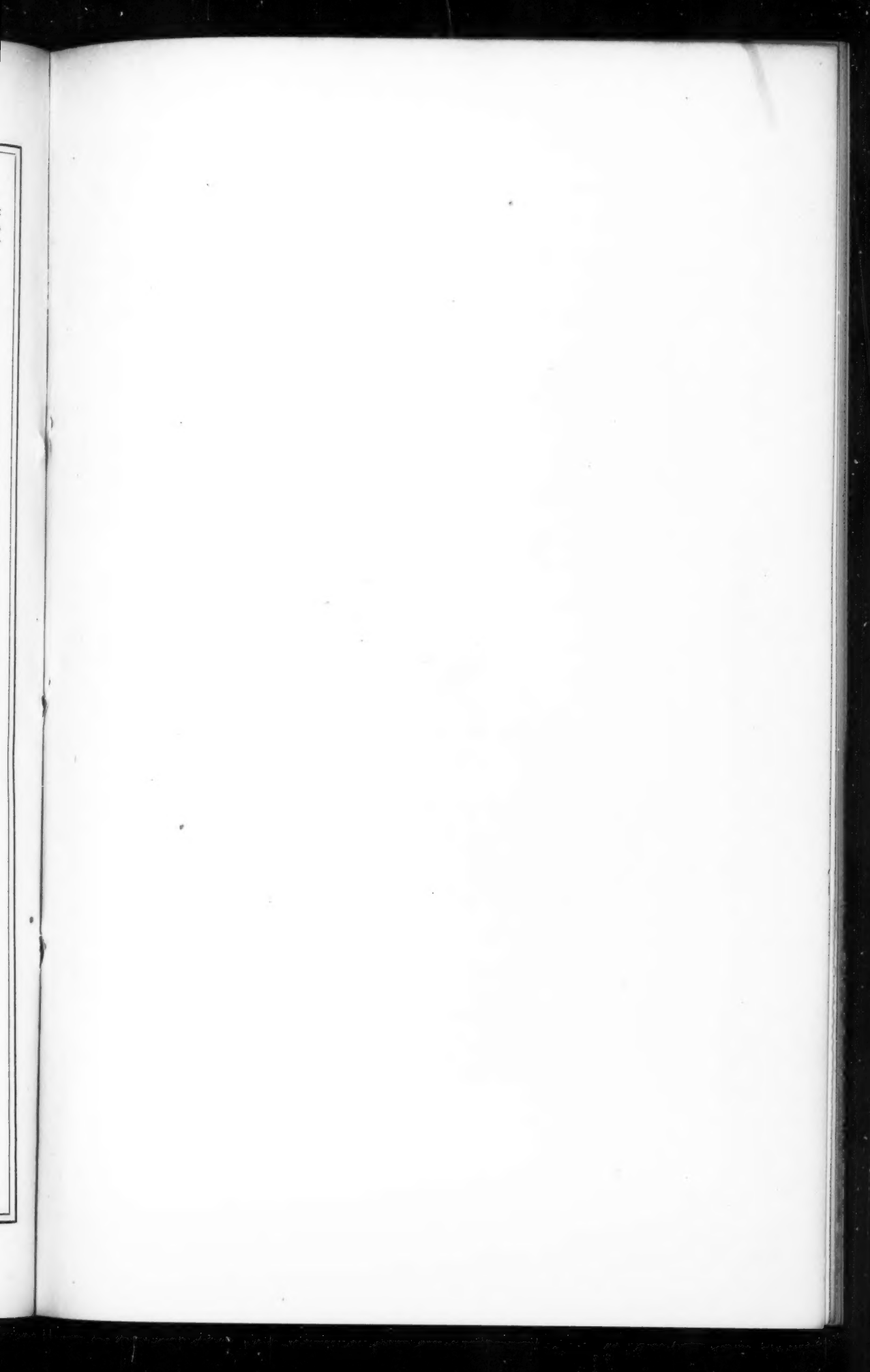
while on his way to the Pacific coast. Though not apparently a very severe stroke at the time, yet its effect deepened rather than relaxed, and he never recovered, but has been gradually failing ever since, until December 20, 1871, when the powers of life were exhausted, and he sank to rest. Thus in the very midst of his usefulness, at the age of fifty-three, his labors were suddenly terminated; six years longer he lingered in the world, and at the age of fifty-nine went to his reward.

He was born July 30, 1812, in Marlow, New Hampshire. At the age of fifteen he entered the Wilbraham Academy, then under the charge of Dr. Fisk. While there he was converted, and at the age of seventeen received license to exhort, and three years after to preach. At eighteen he entered the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., where he remained three years, being compelled on account of health to retire at that time. He continued his studies, however, and took his second degree regularly with his class. At twenty-two he was elected Professor in the Newbury Seminary, Vermont, and at the end of five years was elected Principal of the institution. In 1844 he resigned his office in the Seminary, and entered the regular work of the itinerancy. At the close of his third year of itinerating he was made presiding elder. Before the expiration of his first year on the district he was elected Professor in the Methodist General Biblical Institute, which was just then founded and located at Concord, N. H. Here he remained till elected Bishop in 1852. His best years were devoted to this institution, which he cherished into life and success, and which now has become the Boston Theological Seminary, with an ever-widening field of promise and usefulness.

From 1852 to 1865 Bishop Baker most acceptably and efficiently fulfilled the duties of his high office. He was not a showy man, but substantial, judicious, careful, sympathizing; he was modest and diffident almost to a fault; he was polite, manly, generous always and to every body; he was scholarly, and remarkably sound and wise in all questions of Church polity and discipline. As an administrator he made few mistakes, and gave but little occasion for complaints. As a preacher he was calm, scholarly, clear, logical, and convincing, and occasionally tender and pathetic. With his friends he was warm, genial, courteous, and true; in his home he was among the happiest of men. A great and good man has ceased from his labor, and his works do follow him.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—We present this month two charming steel engravings. The portrait of the Crown Princess of Germany is one of Mr. Jones's best, and is from a photograph from Berlin. It shows a true, noble, matronly woman. Of the Princess we have spoken elsewhere. "The Fording Place," painted by Mr. Wm. Hart, and engraved by Mr. Hinshelwood, is one of the finest pictures in composition, drawing, and engraving ever put into the Repository. We give a thousand thanks to Mr. Hart for generously loaning us the use of this picture.







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